

The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year—June 7, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

THE LESSONS

BY CAROLINE REYNOLDS

It took me such a little while to learn—

A tender, foolish word, the strong, sweet clasp of your hand;

The clinging glance of eyes that only lovers understand—

And lo! my eager heart was taught to love and yearn.

So short a time to learn, dear one, and yet

Since we two said goodbye, through all the silent days of pain

My anguished fight to still my need for you has been in vain;

It takes so long to teach my heart how to forget.

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

EDITOR



ROSE'S VICTORY EARL'S REPUDIATION

WITH an unanimity of opinion that admits of no doubt the defeat of John W. Shenk, Municipal Conference candidate for mayor of Los Angeles, is properly attributed to the baneful support given him by the E. T. Earl papers. The people resented the continued domination of city politics by a hypocrite of Earl's stamp. Had he been merely a bully like General Otis or an egotist like Hearst, his advocacy would not have had the negative influence conceded. But hypocrisy is unforgivable. The people correctly gauged the motives that prompted Earl's accusations against Judge Rose and scorned them. As for Shenk he is the victim of his own irresoluteness. Instead of repudiating Earl at the psychological moment—when the issue was clearly defined—he palavered, he dealt with glittering generalities, he mumbled, he was unconvincing.

Shenk's first distinct failure to score was when he indorsed the high line folly that had been carefully investigated by the Municipal League and pronounced a poor investment. Neither that body nor Shenk, however, went to the root of the matter. That Pasadena was not in the market for the water, but had declared for development of her municipally-owned water sources in preference, was ignored. The folly of indorsing an expensive project, professedly for revenue purposes, when the chief tentative customer was in no sense an applicant for a supply is too obvious to require extended comment. Because Earl favored it, Shenk, apparently, did likewise, although the Municipal Conference, as well as the Municipal League, for reasons other than the most patent one repudiated the high line bond issue. This blind adherence to Earl's program stamped Shenk as a weak sister. The curse of Earl's support was too heavy a handicap for him to overcome by shifty processes.

Eight thousand majority for Judge Rose is so emphatic a declaration that the verdict cannot be questioned. But what an insult to the 46,000 citizens, men and women, who preferred the independent candidate to the one tainted with Earlism, to be told that their triumph is the triumph of the underworld of which, by inference, they are a part! And what an insult to Los Angeles to be advertised to the country that its majority citizenship is in close alliance with crooks, strumpets, grafters and riff-raff generally, of which Mayor-elect Rose is the direct representative! A more vicious charge, a more disgraceful arraignment surely never was made. In his insensate rage, his egregious intolerance the deposed newspaper boss betrays a mind so warped, so ill-conditioned that the uninformed may well marvel at such moral obliquity.

That the result of the mayoral election might

have been different had the friction interjected by Earl been missing is a reasonable inference. Meyer Lissner is a good campaigner, but even his thorough methods were unequal to the task. We can forgive him many things in admiring his aggressiveness, his determination, his astuteness. Because, on the word of one closely affiliated with the Municipal League, we charged that the saloon element was supporting Shenk and had contributed to his campaign fund Lissner impugned our motive, and insinuated that we were deliberately seeking to injure Shenk. We have revealed the source of our charge to members of the executive committee of the League. The information was not given us in confidence. The statement was volunteered that the saloonkeepers, satisfied with the absence of grafting and unfair demands on them, wanted a continuance of such a course and were willing to contribute to insure it. If we were the victim of an unauthorized, misinformed medium is one regrets the circumstance more than we do. The conscientious newspaper is occasionally flimflammed in this way. We printed the statement in good faith and had every reason to suppose the official who made it enjoyed inside knowledge, hence our invitation to the Tribune to consult the treasurer of the Conference for verification. We are impelled to believe that our informant deceived us, although why he should have made the positive statement he did passes understanding.

Two Socialists, Messrs. Wheeler and Reed, appear to have gained admission to the council. It must be a source of deep regret to find three such sterling citizens as Messrs. Osborne, MacKeigan and Vollmer outside the breastworks. It is the city's distinct loss. All the school board indorsees of the Conference are elected including Reynold E. Blight, the Darrow champion, who, however, was lowest on the list, nine thousand votes behind the leader, Herman W. Frank. Herein is demonstrated the crutch supplied by the Socialists which, denied to Captain Osborne, could carry a Reed and a Blight to victory. By nearly two to one Albert Lee Stephens triumphs over Morgan for city attorney. Analysis of the returns shows that Shenk polled only 2800 more votes than he received at the primaries, although upward of 6,000 more votes were cast. Rose fell heir to all the Harriman strength plus 4000 that, presumably, went to Shenk at the primary election, through fear of nominating the Socialist candidate.

PASSING OF THE POET-LAUREATESHIP

WITH the death of Alfred Austin the office of poet-laureate is to be discontinued, it is stated, on what appears to be excellent authority. Austin wrote many pretty lyrics, much graceful prose, but his "duty" poems were sad affairs. His ode in praise of the Jameson raid in South Africa was one of the saddest of all his official lucubrations. Tennyson, whom he succeeded, was far happier in expressing what may be termed the governmental muse, but the notion of harnessing the poetic Pegasus to a bureau cart is not altogether inspiring. To grind out verses on the death of a princeling, the marriage of a royal duke or the achievement of a politico-soldier is not likely to conduce to high class poetry. The "Charge of the Six Hundred" is the one notable exception in a long list of laureatic mediocrity.

Chaucer was the first to assume the title of poet-laureate. In the reign of Richard II he was given an annual allowance of wine as his official recompense. Master John Skelton is the next poet-laureate worthy of the post, appointed by Henry VIII. After him Edmund Spenser takes high rank, the court muse of the spinster queen, Elizabeth. His great work, of course, is his "Fairie Queene." Rare Ben Jonson

honored the office in the first quarter of the seventeenth century and Sir William Davenant, reputed natural son of Shakespeare, was Jonson's successor. John Dryden was another illustrious laureate, whom the revolution deposed. Thomas Shadwell, whose plays Dryden so often bitterly assailed, was the laureate of the Restoration. Nicholas Rowe was named by George I who appointed him, in addition, surveyor of customs. Like Tom Moore he was a great favorite in society, having a voice of singular sweetness. He was the first editor of Shakespeare of any moment. His poetry was expressed in blank verse and his "Jane Shore" is, perhaps, his best known tragedy.

Colley Cibber is a name to conjure with. The actor-manager served as laureate from 1730 until his death twenty-seven years later, but of his poetry even his warmest admirers do not brag. Robert Southey was appointed laureate in 1813. One of his laureate-poems, "The Vision of Judgment," was mercilessly satirized by Byron. Wordsworth succeeded Southey, then came Tennyson and lastly, Alfred Austin. Five hundred years of laureateships and now annihilation of the office.

X-RAY ON OBSTRUCTIVE SENATORS

WHETHER or not President Wilson is unduly exercised over the reputed high tariff lobby at Washington remains to be demonstrated. What may seem like "extraordinary exertions" by an industrious "third house" to alter the wording of the bill in certain particulars is probably the customary procedure of the affected interests to retain those special privileges that for nearly half a century have yielded fat pickings at the expense of the consumers. Naturally, expense will not be spared to hold fast to that which has proved so profitable in the past. Their methods may seem "insidious" to a puritan mind, but to "big business" the end justifies the means, as it did in 1894.

Perhaps, it is because of the disaster that overtook the Wilson bill twenty years ago—when Mr. Cleveland was serving his second term—largely the result of pernicious lobbying by threatened beneficiaries, that has keyed the President to action. He may have mistaken the baying note. Perhaps, the "much cry against free wool" of the special privilege recipients has so mingled with the anti-free sugar protests that the clamor has been over-estimated. Of course, he must realize that the well-intrenched interests will not part with their perquisites without a struggle. That is only natural. If, however, the investigating body of the senate, to be conducted by a sub-committee of the senate judiciary committee, should discover that the senators now opposing the Underwood bill are influenced in their course by selfish personal interests it is well to have the facts made public. Each senator arrayed against the passage of the bill, who is called before the probing committee, will be required to make oath whether or not he is in anywise affected by the measure now before congress. Chairman Overman of the investigating committee is on record as stating that each senator will have to tell just how far his personal business affiliations conflict with his duty as a representative of all the people. Specific questions may reveal to what extent their pocketbooks are influencing their votes.

Naturally, the standpat papers affect to see in this praiseworthy attempt of the President to disclose the cloven foot of the trust lobby a thrust at the fundamental right of business men to protect their property from destructive legislation. He is accused of wanting to deny to such the moral right of self-defense. This is to be expected. It is not true, how-

ever, that Mr. Wilson is "academically arbitrary," merely, nor is he unreasonably impatient. He has a great responsibility resting upon him. The people have placed him in office to perform a certain duty. This he has undertaken to do and he knows that eternal vigilance is the sole price of success. The pathetic apathy of Mr. Taft in similar circumstances is still too recent to be easily forgotten and the havoc played with the house bill of 1894, when it reached the senate, bids him to be ever on guard against a similar occurrence.

It is better for the country that he show overzealousness in escorting the bill through the upper house of congress than that it should be held up by bandits because of inadequate moral support. We realize that even conscientious men believe that the maintenance of a high tariff policy is for the greatest good of the majority, hence will go to great lengths to keep it intact, but they seem to forget that the majority voice has declared for a smart revision of the duties downward. If the investigating committee can show that the will of the people is being obstructed by senators in selfish league with tariff beneficiaries Mr. Wilson's attitude at this time will have been more than justified.

PEEP AT MORGAN ART COLLECTION

MUCH speculation has been indulged in concerning the probable disposition of the priceless Morgan collection of art treasures, now stored at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The failure of the municipality to provide proper accommodations for the collection rather piqued the late Mr. Morgan who intimated that he might decide to have the treasures lodged elsewhere and in a more appreciative community. However, the acceptance of plans for a new wing by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, now under way, served to mollify the owner, although at the time of his death he gave no intimation of what he might do in regard to the ultimate disposition of his collection, which a conservative estimate values at \$50,000,000.

Nor has his son, who succeeds to the ownership, made public his intentions in that respect, but he has given assurance to the trustees that the collection shall not be disturbed for the present, but may be exhibited in the new northeast wing now under construction as soon as it is completed. Much of the collection is still in sealed packing boxes in the museum storage rooms where the art treasures will remain until the new wing is ready for their reception. It is announced that the installation will be only temporary, as the new south wing projected is designed as the permanent home of the collection. Probably, the public will have opportunity to view the wonderful ivories and enamels soon after January 1, 1914.

Art objects in the collection are stated by the trustees to number about 4100 which includes all, from the smallest miniature to the largest tapestry. These art objects were brought to this country from four places where Mr. Morgan had gathered together and kept his art treasures—his London house, at 13 Princess Gate; his country home, Dover House, at Putney, just outside of London; the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, and from Paris, where he had many art objects stored awaiting removal. The only addition to these collections was the great Raphael, which had been exhibited for a number of years in the National Gallery at London.

It is stated that the collection of Byzantine enamels of forty-three pieces constitutes the most extraordinary centering of these objects ever brought together. Two of them Mr. Morgan gave to the Louvre several years ago and the gift was regarded as of such importance that the donor received special honors from the French government in recognition of it. The remainder of the collection is among the treasures now deposited in the museum. In addition, there are about 375 pieces ranging in date from the earliest times through the seventeenth century, and including the wonderful Hoentschel collection of mediaeval enamels, which was purchased by Mr. Morgan two years ago. Eighteenth century enamels

are represented by the collection of snuff boxes, étuis and other small objects. Of these, about 150 are French, and between eighty and ninety English, including a fine collection of Battersea enamels.

Of bronze statuettes, principally of the Italian renaissance period, there are probably 260 pieces. Of classical material, including notable pieces of ancient jewelry in gold and silver there are 140 listed. Fine examples of German silverware of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are included. There are reliquaries, candlesticks and ewers in metal, and other objects in bronze and iron of rare design. Jewelry in crystal and amber of the renaissance period will attract many. Italian majolica and French faience of the sixteenth century, French porcelain of the eighteenth century and Dresden porcelain of the same period form a notable grouping. Scent bottles in Chelsea porcelain, Chinese porcelain of the seventeenth century and other precious examples of ceramics will make collectors' eyes water when the objects are on exhibition. Rare tapestries, Persian rugs, Aubusson portières, French furniture decorated with Sèvres plaques, Italian sculpture, including several Della Robbia pieces, miniatures to the number of nearly 900, to say nothing of the many fine paintings are included, brief mention of which gives a faint idea of the richness and rarity of this notable collection, the free exhibiting of which means so much to this country.

INTEREST ON GOVERNMENT DEPOSITS

MILD wonder is being expressed by persons who seek to understand motives of individuals and corporations why, of the 559 national banks named as active depository banks of the United States, seven should decline to pay the interest charges demanded by government on Secretary McAdoo's order? Particularly, when in these days of high interest charges opportunity to get funds as low as 2 per cent appears to be a fairly easy way to make a neat turn, while the refusal to pay interest carries with it the obligation to surrender all federal funds to the United States treasury. The seven banks that take this course are the National City Bank, the National Bank of Commerce, and Chemical National Bank of New York City; the National Bank of Commerce of New London, Conn.; Merchants' National Bank of Savannah, Ga.; First National Bank of Buffalo, Wyo., and Seaboard National Bank of San Francisco.

These banks surrendered \$1,581,500 which, with the \$10,000,000 additional federal funds, has been distributed in various amounts among 607 national banks in 475 cities and towns throughout the country. Of this sum California banks get about half a million dollars. Just why the Seaboard National should refuse to accede to the new order is not stated, but, perhaps, its management bases the declination on the arguments employed by a national bank officer in Omaha whose depository bank has cashed as many as 800 government checks in a single day which reduced the federal balance \$54,000 below the deposit of bonds, and requiring twenty days before an equitable adjustment to amount of bonds was made. As a national depository is compelled to transmit funds without cost to the government wherever the United States treasurer may direct, this is given as additional reason for the bank's action. Perhaps, these are among the reasons why the seven banks mentioned, including the one California institution, find it not altogether profitable to put up bonds (largely United States bonds) at a low rate of interest and then pay 2 per cent on the average deposit that the government carries with such banks.

This would appear, offhand, to present elements of hardship, comments the New York Nation, which points out that no bank has to accept such deposits if it does not choose. As a matter of fact, notes our contemporary, the bankers themselves in 1908, proposed that a small rate of interest should be charged on public deposits. The statute merely prescribes a minimum of 1 per cent, any higher rate being discretionary. It is argued that the secretary of the treasury probably took into consideration the present money market and figured that the average govern-

ment deposit with a national bank ought to be able to return a profit even with 2 per cent interest paid and transfers made free, in which conclusion many of us who have noted the fat earnings of national banks in this region and elsewhere will doubtless concur.

DRAMATIC PLOT FOR A PLAYWRIGHT

GERMANY has had a surfeit of military scandals of late, but Vienna supplies a story which for dramatic disclosures discounts anything that Berlin has furnished. A colonel of the Austrian general staff suspected of selling military secrets to Russia was called from Prague to Vienna, ostensibly on duty, and in his absence his quarters were subjected to a thorough search, revealing many incriminatory documents, among other startling evidences of culpability proof that the traitorous colonel had given to the Russian government draft plans for simultaneous action on the part of the Austrian and German armies against Russia in case of war.

Upon receipt of this information the war office at Vienna sent to the implicated officer two members of his own regiment who detailed the charges together with the absolute proofs obtained. The disloyal colonel was informed that at daybreak they would return with a warrant for his arrest. Before leaving, one of the culprit's fellow officers laid a loaded revolver on the table, and with a meaning glance at it, but without saying a word followed his companion to the lower floor where they waited in tense expectancy for the result. The sound of a pistol shot, after an hour's delay, sent them back to the colonel's room where his lifeless body was found prone on the floor, with a bullet wound through the temple. They hastened to the war office and made their report.

For the honor of the army the officials determined to keep the matter a profound secret. It was announced that the colonel had committed suicide as a result of insanity induced by overwork. The remains were interred quietly and without the military honors due to the officer's rank. But gossip began hinting of foul play and to allay unpleasant reflections on the war department the ghastly truth was revealed. Vienna is in commotion because of the tragic story and it is said that other military men are involved, a second suicide having been reported. What a plot for a dramatist! We offer this scenario, gratis, to any aspiring playwright, who can easily fill in the heart interest to suit.

BARBARISMS AT WEDDINGS DECRIED

IN THIS month of mating it is borne in upon us that while the world progresses in certain directions, in others it lags sadly, and in none more lamentably than in the persistence with which otherwise sane and considerate men and women perpetuate the barbaric and inelegant customs at weddings, and after. The shower of rice, the bombardment with old shoes, the kidnapping of the bridegroom, the labels on the baggage, the charivari—all have degenerated from comparatively inoffensive beginnings until they are the crudest vulgarities, lacking even that semblance of humor which alone could be their excuse for existence. Good humor on both sides must be the essence of all festival pranks, and it is nothing less than torture to the sensitive bride and the extremely selfconscious bridegroom to be forced to submit to the treatment which has become traditional. Yet they must grin and bear it, for so utterly lacking are their foolish friends in consideration, that when the victim squirms it is only a signal for renewed activity.

Nor are these relics of savagery always mere momentary annoyances, to be endured for a brief time and then forgotten in the many fresh interests which surround the newly married pair. Instances in which not simply injurious, but actually disastrous results have followed these "pleasantries" are common. Not long ago a woman's magazine compiled a series of incidents of the sort. A bride was struck on the temple and killed instantly by a blow from a heavy shoe thrown by her bridesmaid. Another was blinded in a similar manner. A third became hysterical at the

railway station when she saw the fantastic trappings of her trunk, with indelicate suggestions in evidence, and was the victim of nervous prostration for months. The list was long and impressed the reader by the fact that it might have happened at any one of a dozen weddings in his own circle of friends. Anyone who stops to think can readily see the opportunities for serious injury in almost any of these wedding tortures, but it is the failure to focus the general knowledge upon the specific case that causes all the trouble.

Surely, if there is an individual who is entitled to the tenderest consideration it is the bride. She is entering a new world, of which much has been told her, but which she knows she must explore for herself, and the advice from her mother, valuable though it may be, can only stand in the relation of the Bae-deker to the traveler. No one would have the day of the wedding solemn, gloomy, lachrymose, but it is a far cry from that condition to the boisterousness of the average occasion. Let there be all the symbols of joy and good will, but when these verge upon the vociferous, the strident, the bourgeois—then it is time to remember that the day of the cave man has passed in all else, so why not in the matter of the linking of two lives.

HITCHCOCK'S JUGGLED POSTAL FIGURES

POSTMASTER GENERAL Burleson is after his predecessor, Mr. Hitchcock, with a sharp stick. In a caustic statement just issued, he asserts, with emphasis, that the postoffice department did not attain a condition of self support during the Taft administration, "notwithstanding the widely-advertised announcement to that effect, although an apparent surplus was attained by unjustifiable methods of book-keeping." This is pretty tart language, but Mr. Burleson, doubtless, knows what the law of libel is and is prepared to prove his statements. He charges that the general morale and efficiency of the postal service were sacrificed to a ruthlessly enforced policy of false economy for the sole purpose of presenting a showing of self maintenance.

There is a further sting. Mr. Burleson declares that after the attainment of this end, just before the inauguration of Mr. Wilson, the policy was reversed. Long-standing vacancies were filled and postponed promotions made; commitments to fixed charges for long terms were assumed in such a way as to saddle the new administration with the greatly increased expense for months, if not years, to come. These are the important points in the report of a committee of postal officials, appointed to take a minute "survey" of the department's general condition. The investigators comprised Daniel C. Roper, Joseph Stewart, A. M. Dockery, James I. Blakslee, and Merritt O. Chance, respectively first, second, third, and fourth assistant postmasters general and chief clerk of the department. With this strong testimony before him the postmaster general justifies his scorching assertions.

It will be recalled that the Hitchcock administration claimed that a deficiency of, approximately, \$17,500,000 in 1909 had been entirely eliminated, and that a surplus of more than \$200,000 was attained for the fiscal year 1911. The reports of the "survey" takers show, to the contrary, that at no time has there been a legitimate surplus in the postal revenues since the fiscal year 1883, and that instead of a profit of \$200,000 or more in 1911 there was, in fact, an actual deficiency of considerably more than three-quarters of a million dollars. These figures are obtained from the various administration officers having jurisdiction over the several branches of the service, upon whose statements of obligations incurred by them in the fiscal years 1909 to 1912 inclusive, the cost of the service as compared with the expenditures reported by Hitchcock showed a discrepancy of more than \$1,500,000. That for 1911 was the greatest when the cost was about \$975,000 more than the expenditures reported by the Hitchcock administration which had so juggled accounts as to show a surplus in excess of \$200,000.

It is further stated that the report takes up

in detail the unwise methods employed in order to show a surplus, which, however, did not exist, and the "economy" watchword given to the press for political effect amounted, in fact, to defective administration. It is obligatory on Mr. Hitchcock to explain his juggling of figures which, if intended to make votes for the party, must have proved grievously disappointing to the overzealous postmaster general. Thus far he has contented himself with criticizing the investigators who, he declares, have not been in office long enough to know the ropes.

REPETITION OF MENACE THREATENED

THERE will be no harsh indictment of the governor if his reprieve of the "human tiger" Oppenheimer, sentenced to be hanged, does not extend over the time limit of two weeks in which the appeal to the United States supreme court may be decided. That much consideration is due the prisoner. There is evidence, however, that the anti-capital punishment mollicoddles will seek to have the executive return to his pernicious practice of reprieving and reprieving. *ad nauseam*, pending the recurrence of their pestiferous activity in getting a petition before the people looking to a constitutional amendment. That way, justice is mocked and the law rendered farcical.

It was sarcastically noted by the Portland Oregonian the other day that the United States as a whole enjoys the proud renown of an annual murder list which exceeds that of any other country in the world save Russia. Adds our contemporary: "It is well to be first in something, even in homicide, if the prize for that is the best we can win; but is it not almost time for us to resign to the Ashantees this distinction which we have enjoyed so long? Is it desirable that America should continue to be known throughout the world as the land of free murder? Can we not find a worthier title to fame?"

We can. But until our constituted authorities set an example in the due and rigid observance of the laws governing the taking of human life it is useless to expect marked subsidence of the homicidal tendency. It is the duty of the government to protect society against those of murderous instincts by enforcing the law. So long as the law is aborted capital crime will show an increase. The work of the courts, of judges and juries may be never so well done and it avails nothing when a civil officer, sworn to uphold the law, yielding to political pressure, places himself above the law. In California, murderers have been signally cosseted by our officials who have shown themselves flagrantly derelict in yielding to the persuasions of 2 per cent of the population in ignoring their sworn duty. This is one of the chief reasons why the United States leads all countries except Russia, in the extent of its annual murder list.

"ALL THAT THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR"

PITY the poor automobilist! The latest of expedients hit upon by the Los Angeles city council to bolster up the finances of that groaning municipality, without directly mulcting the already overtaxed proletariat, is a vehicle license fee, in which a graded tax is proposed, ranging upward from a small charge for the privilege of owning a humble "road-louse" to a large one for being proprietor of a "go-devil." It is likely to prove popular, for notwithstanding the rapid increase of the gasoline consuming population, the non-chuggers continue in the majority, and those who dodge automobiles are still able to outvote the others who utter maledictions upon the stupidity of the pedestrian. So, upon a straight platform of taxing the horseless carriages "all the traffic will bear," and merely taxing them reasonably, the former would win a sweeping victory.

Yet it would seem that the demands upon the purses of automobile owners have about reached the maximum. A man buys an auto. First he must pay a state license fee to get the magic number without which he would be arrested at the first crossing. Then the county assessor calls, and not only includes the machine in the personal property, but is by its presence affected psychologically so that he is likely to place a higher value on the remainder of the possessions than he otherwise might. The city assessor

follows him, with similar results. To belong to an automobile club, while not required by law, is almost the only means of obtaining protection from the law, and that is the next call. Now, topping all these nibbles, comes still another—a vehicle tax. The camel's back will not break but those of auto owners certainly must begin to bend slightly.

But what care we? Down with the plutocrat! Make the luxuries pay the costs of government. Why stop at automobiles? Let us have a graduated tax on musical instruments, worked out in an ascending scale, not merely as to price, but as to pernicious qualities and frequency of activity. The modest jew-harp might be made immune, while the tax on the b flat cornet should be confiscatory. Diamonds must be included in the list of licensed articles, permits being issued for each public display, matrimony encouraged by free-listing engagement rings, and the deficit in revenue on this account met from a heavy fee for wearing a sunburst or necklace at the opera. These permits could be designed in the form of neat tags, and suspended from the owner's throat, not unlike a dog license. If these suggestions still fail to bring the revenues of our struggling sister city up to the required mark, we have many more to offer not yet disclosed.

RETIREES FROM CENTURY MAGAZINE

READERS of the Century Magazine—and, doubtless, they are numerous in this cultured region—will be interested in learning that Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson, for forty years a member of the staff of the Century and its editor since the death of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, has retired from all association with the well-known monthly and may possibly accept appointment to a diplomatic post in the gift of the President. It would be a graceful recognition of honorable literary work and of services rendered to his country along ethical lines, notably in his vigorous campaign against literary piracy and for his conservation ideas in regard to national parks. For California he holds especial interest as the originator of the Yosemite National Park.

Older readers of the Century will recall Dr. Johnson's excellent work when with another assistant editor of the magazine, Mr. C. C. Buell, he conducted the famous Century Civil War Series, which plan, suggested by Mr. Buell, was so admirably carried out both in the magazine and in the revised book, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." It will be remembered that Dr. Johnson initiated the project to buy the house in Rome in which the poet Keats died and to found therein a memorial library. In this he enlisted the interest of the King of Italy, who officially dedicated the library. To the younger generation the retiring editor is of interest as the father of Owen Johnson, whose capital college stories have won for him unstinted praise and a large and enthusiastic clientele. It was Dr. Johnson who persuaded General Grant to write his memoirs.

As a poet Dr. Johnson has proved his possession of a delicate fancy combined with skillful craftsmanship. One of his poems, "The Wistful Days," we reprinted only a fortnight ago. Beautiful imagery and a fine sense of rhythm mark all his poetic thoughts. President Wilson will honor his administration by naming Dr. Johnson—who is only sixty—to a diplomatic post. He is a member and permanent secretary of the Academy of Arts and Letters, having succeeded John Hay, and was preliminary secretary of that body, organized out of the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, of which he was secretary from 1903 to 1909. He is also an elector of the Hall of Fame, and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the Authors', Century, and Players' Clubs, the New York Civil Service Reform Association, Society for Italian Immigrants, American Forestry Association, and the Free Art League. He is a director of the MacDowell Association. He has received honorary degrees from Yale and New York Universities. Robert Sterling Yard succeeds Dr. Johnson as managing editor of the Century.

Zapata is getting perilously near to Huerta's person. Perhaps, he is destined to be Madero's avenger.

"Everywoman" Supreme Because of Its Story—By Randolph Bartlett

(FORTY-EIGHTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA)

"EVERYWOMAN" is the greatest dramatic allegory in all literature of all ages and languages. This greatness consists not merely in the fact that its five canticles form a perfect dramatic sequence, in which the figures are sustained with unimpeachable logic throughout. As much might be said of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" or Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." With equal justice it could be stated that these two allegories are true to human and natural laws and philosophy. But possessing these qualities, "Everywoman" also tells a story which, if the allegorical names were transposed into Smiths and Joneses, and the symbolic garb of each made over into Paris gowns and conventional tailors' garments, would be interesting and dramatic throughout. In other words, the allegory does not depend for its existence upon the fact that it symbolizes ideas and characters. Primarily, it is an interesting story. Generally speaking, when art becomes didactic, it ceases to be art, and is philosophy, science, or what not, or at least it is stilted and free from those airs and graces which alone can be regarded as the true signposts of artistry. Remove the element of entertainment, and the artist becomes an artisan, the poet a preacher—and while his work may be none the less sincere and appealing to the thoughtful mind, it lacks that subtle and indefinable touch which makes him one with his public, instead of standing aloof from it. This was realized by Walter Brown, who died on the eve of his triumph, and in his introduction for the printed edition he said:

While every character in "Everywoman" is symbolical of various abstract virtues, vices and conditions, I have endeavored to make them also concrete types of actual men and women of the present day. It was my object to present an allegory, in the shape of a stage play, sufficiently dramatic and soul-stirring in its story and action to form an attractive entertainment, quite apart from its psychological significance.

In reading the story or witnessing the play it is well to keep in mind the double edge of the allegory. Outwardly, and primarily, it is the story of a woman's "pilgrimage in quest of love," but it is no less a satire on the attitude of society as a whole toward the individual. This second phase is handled in the negative instead of the positive form by means of a stroke of original genius without which the piece might often become trite. This is accomplished in the character Nobody. The things which society does not do and does not say, are assigned to this unique figure, who is not Mephistophelian, as the ill-advised advance agents, hard pressed for ideas where ideas abound, has declared. He is precisely the opposite. By his subtle inversion he satirizes everybody. Nobody is charitable, Nobody is to blame when Everywoman errs, Nobody gives her good advice, Nobody is her friend when she has lost her companions, Youth, Beauty and Modesty. Beside the meaning of this undertone, this dramatic diapason, the major motive is almost trite. To Nobody, then, is given both the prologue and the epilogue, and the spirit of the play is crystallized in the former, which runs thus:

Good friends, and I have many such
Who treat me well and love me much,
To introduce myself I first make bold.
I'm Nobody. A sorry wight,
Who reads a woman's fate aright,
For unto him her hidden thoughts are told.
Whatever may be here portrayed,
Remember but a simple maid
Was Everywoman, in her simple youth.
If haply she be led astray
'Tis she the penalty must pay,
And Nobody will know the bitter truth.
I ask your patience for our play,
Let Nobody your judgment sway,
For Nobody knows what is just and fair,
If it offend, mine be the blame;
And if it please you, just the same
I promise you that Nobody will care.

Then the play itself opens with the entrance of the three companions, Youth who brings to Everywoman happiness, Beauty who brings her admiration, homage, joy, and Modesty who knows not her own mission, but simply came with Youth and Beauty, and to her the ever present Nobody gives this bit of laconic advice, "Trust Nobody." Everywoman rises and comes down to greet her friends, and there is an

exquisite scene, shimmering with light, sparkling with life and echoing with the happy chatter and laughter of women. Just a fragment of it:

EVERYWOMAN.
Nobody? That fellow here again! See how he turns away, as if to hide us from his sight.
(Earnestly) I hate Nobody!

MODESTY.
But why?

EVERYWOMAN.
Hush! Let me tell ye a secret.
Nobody is in love with me.

BEAUTY.
Oh! That is truly terrible.

YOUTH.
Just think! If Nobody should marry thee!

EVERYWOMAN.
I vow that would be much against my will. In truth, methinks that while I have you, my Youth and Beauty,
I surely may escape a fate so horrible. Still, I am miserable when Nobody is night.

YOUTH.
And I!

BEAUTY.
And I!

MODESTY.
Yet I feel safe with him.

EVERYWOMAN.
Thou'rt right. Modesty is safe with Nobody. Yet when Nobody is nigh, what need hath Everywoman for Modesty?

So the merry scene goes on. Everywoman, urged on by Youth and Beauty, admires herself in a mirror, and encourages her companions to add their compliments, until, of a sudden, Flattery is revealed in the frame where the reflection had appeared, announces himself as the herald of King Love the First, and tells Everywoman to go out into the world and seek his master, but warns her to beware, as the great monarch travels incognito. He disappears and Everywoman, entranced by his lure, is for starting out at once to the city to find this prince. Nobody cautions her, and summons Truth, repellent crone with a nine-lashed whip. The witch declares, "Love is born of Truth. I have a son—" but Everywoman will not listen and again conjures up the figure of Flattery, upon seeing which, though she can hear the voice of Truth, she cannot see her. So the crone, repulsed, departs, asking "Who will follow Truth? Who loves Truth rather than Flattery?" to which the sardonic reply "Nobody" comes from that worthy himself. Everywoman prepares for her journey, still bowing to Flattery, while Truth returns with her son, Love, both invisible to those hypnotized eyes, but, as Truth insists in reply to the pleadings of her son, "Unto Everywoman Love cannot reveal himself. She and she herself alone must find Love." So the first canticle ends.

In her search for Love, Everywoman becomes an actress, a star. The second canticle shows a full stage at rehearsal time. There is a lively scene with the chorus in which the managers, Bluff and Stuff, intent upon cutting down expenses, decide that they can dispense with none of the members, Flirt, Pert, Curves, Giggle and the rest, excepting Modesty, who is swiftly disposed of, despite the protests of Youth and Beauty. Everywoman arrives, accompanied by her latest thralls, Wealth and Witless (the latter heir to a dukedom). After several satirical passages in which the decay of the stage is symbolized, Passion makes his appearances and, pretending to be Love himself, urges his suit. Everywoman, however, hears the faint voice of Modesty issuing from the place where she has been imprisoned, and tearing the mask from Passion's face, recognizes his true character and repulses him, calling upon her handmaiden, Conscience, to comfort her.

Canticle third is a supper scene in Everywoman's apartments, where she entertains Wealth, Witless, Bluff, Stuff, Puff (a press agent) and a motley throng of satellites. Modesty no longer is in the company, and Beauty is sick, but Youth is supremely happy. The only jarring note in the scene is Conscience, who, sitting by Beauty's couch, sings a doleful song as an antistrophe to the reckless hilarity of the others, and will not be silenced. At last the revelers leave, except Wealth, and he then, pretending to be that King Love whom Everywoman seeks, woos her but betrays himself in insisting that Youth and Beauty shall be their companions too. So, Everywoman sneers, he is no king, but a sultan, who, "with rich gifts," would lure into his harem any who please him for a while, and the canticle closes with this dramatic outburst:

EVERYWOMAN.
Show wealth the door. Open the windows wide.
Give us the light of day. Let Heaven's breath
Dispel this foul and irksome atmosphere.
(Grovel and Sneak open windows. Daylight streams in, falling on Beauty).

I hate thee, Wealth! I hate thee! Get thee gone!
I hate myself. I hate the mockery, the shame
Of such a life as this. Love liveth not here.
Youth! Sweet Youth, awaken! Thou and I
And Beauty will go hence. Go back to Truth.
The witch, the fortune-teller, will lead us aright.
Beauty, my Beauty, I will nurse thee, tend thee well.

(Going toward Beauty).
CONSCIENCE.
(Stopping Everywoman) Too late, too late!
EVERYWOMAN.
What meanest thou?

CONSCIENCE.
Alas! that Conscience
Must tell thee terrible tidings. Beauty is lost
To thee forever.

EVERYWOMAN.
Beauty lost?
CONSCIENCE.
She's dead. (Youth faints in arms of Conscience).
EVERYWOMAN.

Dead! Dead!
(Rushes to Beauty's couch and kisses her).
Lips cold! My Beauty gone! Ah! No!
It cannot be true!

CONSCIENCE.
Observe thy mirror, where Flattery was wont
To dwell.

EVERYWOMAN.
(Staggered across to mirror and gazes in horror.
Truth is seen in the mirror). That is not I—that
(To mirror) I know thee! Thou art Truth—beloved
by Nobody.
Back to thy well, thou witch, and drown thyself
In water! (Hurls bottle at mirror).
Wine for me. For Everywoman.
Wealth is still with her. Wine for Wealth.
(To Wealth) Wilt dance?
See! Everywoman leads Wealth a merry dance.
(Takes Wealth's hand. Both sing loudly and
dance wildly).
Be-elzebub! Be-elzebub! Ha! ha!
Ho! ho!

In canticle four, a noisy street scene, Broadway on New Year's eve is shown, while Everywoman, Youth her only friend, and Youth growing lame and wavering at last, continues her quest, yet now not so certain that it is Love she seeks. She even quarrels with Youth, accuses her companion of having led her astray. "Time, the callboy of the soul," appears, and Youth departs, while Everywoman makes an effort to win back to her side Wealth, who barely recognizes in the drawn features the object of his former suit. He turns away from her and makes Vice his companion, while Everywoman, in despair, welcomes the aged, limping, friendless crone Truth, and they depart hand in hand.

Her quest ended unhappily, Everywoman returns to her old home with Truth, but that friend is no longer misshapen and unlovely. She now walks erect and there is something of austere beauty about her. Then, in her own home, Everywoman at last comes face to face with Love. Her hair is gray, she is weak, her Youth and Beauty gone, yet Love would crown her his queen. Then, as they find their happiness, there comes a knock at the door, and Modesty enters—she who had been imprisoned, all but slain, comes back to be the companion of Everywoman now that she has really found Love. And to Nobody is given the prologue:

The play is ended. This the cue,
For Nobody to bid adieu.
But first he'll ask you, in the author's name,
Be merciful, be just, be fair
To Everywoman, everywhere.
Her faults are many. Nobody's to blame.

One of the reasons why America has produced so little dramatic literature of a permanent nature is that its playwrights have become adepts in the drama of illusion, which Clayton Hamilton in "The Theory of the Theater," so conclusively proves to be the latest development of the stage. Success in this form of dramatic art essentially inhibits the creation of vital and permanent works. The illusion, to be impressive, naturally must reflect the present day, a current topic or movement, and when that passes or develops, the play becomes superficial, unless, as well as being a drama of illusion, it contains a universal theme. Consequently, much of the American drama is merely topical, almost colloquial or at least provincial—a kinetoscope picture which soon has little but historic value. Thus "Everywoman" is unique in that it is thoroughly universal in spirit and can be transposed at will into the terms of any civilization. It deals with human fundamentals and with a deft, master's touch strips the social relations of their conventional masks. Yet it is no mere sermon—above all things it is, in the pure root meaning of the word, a play.

San Francisco is gradually taking on metropolitan airs. The northern city has just discarded horse cars on Market street.

FRANCE ILL AND NEGLECTFUL OF REMEDIES

MY letter of last week had hardly been confided to the care of the postoffice when The Graphic arrived with its entertaining specimen of Cubist literature. I was greatly amused and, at the same time, I must say, greatly surprised. I thought that such freak things only grew on this foreign soil, but here I see that they also sprout in good, old California. The only difference is that the Californian Cubist evidently finds the whole thing a huge joke, while the Parisian breed sits in his or her Futurist studio, brooding over the fate of mankind in these weary days when the esthete is not appreciated, smokes cigarettes, seeks nervous thrills in the coffee cup, wears velvet coats or floating, flowing robes, frowns, tously hair, drooping in undulous waves over the fevered brow, and turns out meaningless cubics from the divine fount of the inherent poetic nature of all mankind! Wow!

You must meet this kind of a person to have any idea of what he is really like. You must be recipient of one of his moist, flabby hand-shakes to appreciate the equal flabbiness of his nature and morals. You must hear his slushy, swabby, drawling talk to understand the hopelessness of his utter imbecility. There is no humor about him. There is, to tell the truth, no affectation about him. He takes himself seriously. He believes fully, completely, in his poetic mission. He compares himself with Oscar Wilde, with "immoral George Moore," with Swinburne and "Mad Blake." The only thing he does not do is work. He seems to have the utmost contempt for the man who works. The successful writer, artist or poet is to him abhorrent. Popularity, he says, is a sign of low art. If "the people" (with fine contempt he utters it), if "the people," the swine, the common herd, understand a work of art it must be very low art indeed. Wagner, with his circus tunes, his stupid dramas based on that plebeian sentiment, love, is utterly fatuous. Chabas, with his gold medal prize pictures, and Verhaeren, with his silly tragedies, are "really too dreadful." As for Maeterlinck, he was once incoherent and masterful, but has been spoiled by marriage and success.

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But who are these people, you naturally ask? Well, who are they? That's just the question. Their names are unknown and will always be unknown. How they live, and who pays the bills, I have no idea. How they get into print, or exploit their stuff, I am sure I cannot guess. Some of it looks like amateur printing, and I understand that the edition is "limited." I should think it would be. As to their nationality, they are French, German, American, Greek, everything. They seem to have but three attributes in common: poverty, incapacity and indolence. But I forget the one attribute that I should have named first of all: Conceit. That they all have. It is their one wealth. On it they live and thrive. They soak themselves in it as they do in their coffee-cups. They form a closed corporation, a mutual admiration society. And they inhabit the Latin quarter. They are all that is left of the bohemianism of the good old Latin quarter, that bohemianism in whose atmosphere lived some of the greatest artists and poets of modern times. That is dead and gone, passed away forever, and in its place remains only this affectation of originality which we are calling cubism for want of a better term.

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That France is ill even France itself is beginning to acknowledge. At the congress of the Alliance of Social Hygiene which is now being held certain statistics have been brought out, certain definite statements made by men who are in a position to know the truth, that leave no doubt of this. The death rate from tuberculosis is just twice as great as it is in England, the country which comes next on the list. And in France the climate cannot be blamed as it can to an extent in England. . . . A hundred years ago the population of France constituted 16% of the population of Europe; it represents now a little more than 8%. . . . The death rate in France is 19 in 1000 while, even in England, which again comes next on the list, it never exceeds 13 in 1000, and in other countries of Europe only reaches 10 in 1000. . . . In many departments of France, notably in the southwest portion, there are each year twice as many deaths as there are births.

Concerning all of which Mr. Leon Bourgeois says: "We must repeat this cry of warning incessantly, and not be satisfied with merely demanding a reformed legislation; we must undertake a moral crusade, a work of tireless propagation, of methodical and indefatigable agitation; we must awaken public opinion from its death-like slumber, bring a knowledge of the nation's danger to the most careless, the most rebellious, the most ignorant. It is a common peril, a peril to the nation, a peril to the race, and we must instill in every heart the wish to live." Mr. Alexander Ribot continued in the same vein: "We must cry it from the house-tops: our country is in the throes of a mortal disease. The French race is

dying out. Alcoholism, tuberculosis, lack of hygiene, are decimating our country. We must reach to common people, we must bring to their minds a knowledge, an appreciation of this peril which menaces our race; every effort must be directed toward this end."

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This congress is not yet terminated, but when it is what will have been the gain? Nothing! The government will assure the congress of its "perfect solicitude," and then go on as usual fighting for political preferment which has graft for its aim and end. As I have said before in my Graphic letters, the trouble with France is its carelessness, its inertia, its love of pleasure. The women might do much here, but the women are tied hand and foot by tradition, by fear of these men who, married or unmarried, will make advances to any woman who dares to do anything or go anywhere without the protection of the actual presence of her parents or her husband. French charities are helpless because it is impossible to get administrators who will not use their powers for immoral purposes. A case recently came to my notice of a poor widow with three children, suffering actually from hunger, who went to the administration of public charities, and was told by the "gentleman" in charge that she could only get help if she would permit his advances!

I am telling you all this because it is historically interesting. It is history in the making. It is a record of the slow downfall of a great nation, and an attempted estimate of the causes of this downfall. And the curious part of it all to me is the fact that this sort of immorality is never mentioned in the meetings of these many bodies formed to consider the situation and propose ways and means of checking it. This sort of immorality is never mentioned! The fact that nearly all the men and many of the women of modern France have a scorn for the marriage vow is simply ignored. And yet this is the chief trouble. Not tuberculosis, not lack of hygiene, not alcoholism, but an absence of that strong, puritanical, public opinion which, alone, will hold a man to his wife and a wife to her husband against all temptation.

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Do you know that, instead of planning ways and means of awakening this sort of public opinion, one section of France is adopting the plan of instituting "secret maternity hospitals" for the purpose of shielding women against the disgrace of childbirth out of wedlock! Is it possible to conceive of any greater encouragement of immorality! And yet the country's need is so great, the need of finding means for the prevention of infantile murder, that this has seemed to the authorities a possible solution. And yet, at the same time, the authorities show a most surprising lack of resolution in dealing with even the simplest of problems. They have a way of "trying" their rules and regulations to see if they will work. They have a way of finding excuse, a juggling of words and figures, to show that what seems black is really white. One influential paper, for instance, takes the figures offered by the congress of hygiene and says: "these are the statistics, certainly, but one must know how to interpret statistics," and then goes on to lessen the force of these figures, diminishing therewith, of course, their effect on the minds of the people they are intended to reach. Such criminal lack of public spirit is deplorable! It is certain that if the press of the country could only agree to drive these truths home that public opinion would become active and take expression, at least, to check the course of the country's downward flight.

But this unanimity of decision can never be simply because decision is generally lacking. Even in such a small matter as street traffic laws the powers that be seem unable to make up their minds to pass a law and stick to it. This is brought forcibly to mind just now because they are trying a new method. They will try it, no doubt, until pressure is brought to bear on them by the cab companies which may lose business by it. Then they will make up their minds that it will not work and go back to old ways. Gambling is another matter that is now being much talked about. Everybody agrees that it is a really great evil, but the government will not forbid it because to do so would injure the business of the summer resorts.

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There has just been staged a new play, a silly, sentimental thing. It is entitled "Trouble-Fete," which means "Killjoy." And the killjoy in this particular case is a baby which comes very much undesired to a young married couple and spoils love's young dream. Finally, of course, the child draws the two young persons together and all ends happily. As I say, it is stupid sentimentalism, but it is salubrious. It is what the people need, and it is encouraging to find it a great success.

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M. Cochon, the friend of the poor man, whose work I have already described, has now the backing of the great and influential Berenger. His action in trying to house poor families in public buildings,

churches, forts, or any place where there is a roof to keep them dry, meets with Berenger's entire approval. He says that the people and the government, instead of laughing at Cochon should take a lesson from his methods and the poor families he has brought into the limelight, and should take care of these people, most of whom are the parents of numerous children, and therefore useful to the country. The attitude of landlords in general has been to put these large families on the street because they damage the property and annoy other tenants. Berenger says that such landlords as that, as well as the people who complain, should be held up to public contempt. For how is the country to expect people to have children when that is placed almost in the category of a crime; when to have children means that one will be turned out in the street; when a man with children is looked upon as a public nuisance. And who will say that Cochon and Berenger are not right?

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, May 20, 1913.

GOTHAM'S FEEBLE STUFF FOR VIRILE MINDS

IN "The Master Mind" now playing at the Harris theater is postulated a deus ex machina who pulls the strings and smiles while the other characters dance. It is a lovely play. It is always amusing to let one's mind go to sleep and accept without question absurdities made to seem possible by an assumed omniscient, all-powerful being. But in this play the condition is so palpably artificial that not only would the situation not bear the cold light of day, but it hardly bears the footlights. A soft-footed rascal disports himself at pleasure and four husky men and two women fall for his supposed power when at any moment any one of them could reduce him to submission. It seems that about five years before the play begins a young and zealous district attorney has sent to the electric chair the brother of Mr. Allen for cause and that Mr. Allen has sworn vengeance. The former district attorney receives a letter telling him that for a time he will receive white cards and that he will know an enemy is on his trail; then he will receive red cards and he will know that the enemy is near. At last a black card will come when he will know that the end is at hand. The scene opens in the apartment of Walter Blount in New York City. Mr. Blount finds himself in the hands of a Mr. Andrew who has promised him immunity for various misdeeds if for the moment he will do exactly what he is told. Andrew has taken the house and is passing himself off as Blount's valet. He has just forced Blount to take part in a frame-up against Wainwright, the ex-convict attorney, and now he says that Wainwright is coming to give thanks for his rescue.

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Blount is troubled, but threats of compromising disclosures make him hold his restive soul and body in peace. Besides, he is shortly to be provided with father, mother and sister by the efficient Andrew. Father and mother have been in training for four years for the job. One is a professional bank-looter, the other a plain pickpocket, but for four years they have led perfectly respectable lives in Omaha. All four have done time. Sister, they are informed, is the real thing. She has come fresh from school in Paris and they are warned not to be fresh with her, the loving family act is all that is required. Sister, it seems, saved Wainwright's life five years before in Chicago when he was run down by a taxi provided by the indefatigable Andrew, and they have been looking for each other ever since. With the united family safe in their rooms the stage is set for the advent of Wainwright. Blount is coached to say exactly what Andrew wants said, exactly when he wants it said, and at exactly the right moment Wainwright is allowed to look deep in the eyes of Lucene. The plot is working fine. A wedding is arranged. The family and Wainwright disappear to do the sights on Broadway. Andrew waves a red card in the air and the curtain falls as he addresses it to Wainwright. The next act takes place two months later in the home of the Wainwrights. Lucene and the rising politician have married. The presence of the family is growing irksome, but everything is coming Andrew's way. Wainwright is running for governor. Blount has borrowed from his sister and turned over to Andrew four thousand dollars in marked notes supplied by Wainwright and a private detective is in the house.

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Jim Creegan appears from Chicago. Andrew has the goods on him and he, too, must dance to his piping. Jim is told that he must break into the house at two in the morning and steal the family jewels from the safe and if he is caught he must say that he is there at the bidding of Mrs. Wainwright, who by the way was an old pal of his when he was a waif. The marked notes supplied him bear out the story. Lucene who was made to do time by the machinations of Andrew for the proper working of his plot, saved at the critical moment and given

a continental education, is then warned that a burglary is to take place and that she must try to guard the safe. If any trouble occurs, to save her husband's political honor, she must go away with the man and make it appear that she does it of her own volition for a dire plot is working against Wainwright and only her prompt action can save him. Everything is now arranged and so a black card is placed where Wainwright will be sure to find it. As it appears in a book which he has just laid down he comes to the brilliant conclusion that it has been placed there by some one in the house. Things go as they are planned. The detective watches, the wife hides near the safe, the burglar comes. When he is caught he declares that he came at the lady's request; she corroborates the story and says she wants to go with him.

The distraught husband comes to the conclusion that Andrew is the Master Mind and that they are nearly if not altogether powerless before him. However he has a wonderful plan. His friend is at the head of an insane asylum. He will tell him that Andrew has obsessions and he will promptly put him under observation. The doctor comes, finds nothing the matter with Andrew and departs leaving Andrew to say "Ha, ha, I am still master. You guessed right. I am the master mind. I hate you and I am going to do to you what you did to me. You took my brother away from me. I loved him. I have taken your wife away from you and now I am going to ruin your political career. You will withdraw from the candidacy for governor or I will make everything public. Everybody will know that you have married a wife who has done time and that every one of her relatives is in the same boat." Meantime Wainwright has discovered that his wife really loves him and for her sake he writes his withdrawal from the candidacy. Then the wife makes her plea to Andrew. He must not make hate the rule of his life but love. Andrew weakens at the pretty sentiment and sets them free and the curtain falls with everybody comparatively happy. The whole thing is absurd and preposterous. If one is big-hearted enough not to mind and to accept the postulate then perhaps one may extract an evening's entertainment. The cast is acceptable. Mr. Edmund Breeze plays the master mind with his usual skill and Miss Katherine La Salle is charming as Lucene.

New York, June 2, 1913.

ANNE PAGE.

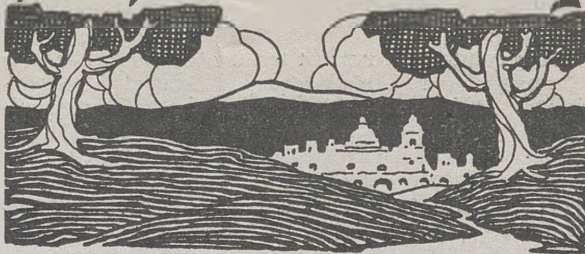
MILITANT ANTICS REACH A CLIMAX

ENGLAND'S classic Epsom race track was the scene of a tragedy Wednesday when a well-known militant suffragette in attempting to deprive King George's colt, Anmer, of all chance to win the Derby was terribly mutilated by the high-strung animal, which, rearing high in fright as she grasped his bridle, struck her to the ground and stamped on her body. The jockey was thrown and badly injured. Incidentally, the race was awarded to a rank outsider, a hundred-to-one shot which nosed the favorite to the wire, the decision to the second horse going on a charge of foul which the judges sustained.

Doubtless, the foolish woman whose reprehensible conduct may be at the cost of her life had no idea that another life would be put in jeopardy by her ill-advised action. But the jockey in falling lit upon his head and concussion of the brain is likely to result fatally. Was there ever a more senseless act? How can the militants figure that such follies help their cause? It is said that the erring suffragette, aged 35, is the same person who horsewhipped a preacher in Aberdeen, a few weeks ago, mistaking him for Chancellor Lloyd George. She has been a member of the militant body eight years and has been often arrested.

If this is true the government is to blame for its too tender treatment of the lawless suffragettes. The reluctance to deal with the situation as it deserves only encourages the more reckless militants who seem to care nothing for the legal consequences and, evidently, with good reason. That the course of the London militant suffragettes is deplored by their sisters on the continent and in America is proved by the many resolutions passed to that effect. The opinion is widespread that the cause of equal suffrage is being greatly retarded by the signal follies of the English militants. That the antics of the "outrages," as a London cynic has named the misguided women, has lost to the suffragists in America several states that were about ripe for the constitutional change is not questioned. The British government is riding for a heavy fall. Drastic measures should deal with drastic cases.

By the Way



Like a Lamb To the Slaughter

In the leading editorial of last week's issue of The Graphic I made a statement concerning the funds contributed to the Shenk campaign, to the effect that the saloonkeepers had contributed a purse of \$10,000 which they were turning over to the treasurer of the Municipal Conference executive committee in \$1000 payments. This has been sharply challenged by Chairman Meyer Lissner and Treasurer F. W. Braun. The former assured me over the long distance phone—I was in camp at Matilja Saturday afternoon—that I was guilty of a dishonorable act and the esteemed treasurer, by letter, wondered if I had printed the editorial regardless of the verities, with intent to do Mr. Shenk's cause deliberate injury. Perhaps, Mr. Lissner is in a position to teach and preach ethics, but that is not to be debated here. As for Mr. Braun we have known each other many years and it is disheartening to find one of his mental caliber so prone to view as suspicious what he ought to have known is foreign to my nature. To Messrs. R. W. Burnham and James A. Anderson, fellow Sunsetters and members of the Municipal League, I gave the name of my informant whose veracity I had not questioned. He occupies a trusted position with the League. In the course of conversation he had volunteered the statement that the saloonmen, content with the absence of grafting on them and fairness displayed had decided to support Shenk and to insure his election were contributing to his campaign fund in the manner noted. It was so reasonable an explanation, so ingeniously made and in no sense confidential that I accepted it as gospel truth. Since I am assured by Mr. Lissner that it is "a d—d lie" and by Mr. Braun that it is a falsity, I must, perforce, accept such testimony. Why I was so deceived and by one whom I had every reason to suppose was a friend I am at loss to imagine. I am not a newspaper fakir; to print, even inadvertently, that which is untrue is grievous in my eyes and hurts my self-respect far worse than it injures those upon whom the story reflects. Not for any money or to gain any desired end would I have uttered the charge complained of if I had suspected it was tainted. Had it emanated from a politician I should have regarded it with dubiety; coming from one who was, apparently, *en rapport* with all that was going on in the Shenk camp and who so glibly controverted my expressed belief that the liquor element would support Rose, I was completely taken in. What a pity, however, that those who should know better, who ought to be broader and bigger in their mental purview, should hasten to put the wrong construction on the unfortunate incident! There's the rub.

Sunsetters Have Their Fling

I had my first vacation in six years last week. A holiday Friday—Decoration Day—enabled me to get my Saturday editorial page up for the Pasadena News and The Graphic being out of the way I gaily set forth for Matilja to join the Sunsetters at their annual summer camp, extending from Friday to Sunday. It was dark when I reached Sunset Park and dinner was over, but Al Levy, in charge of the camp cuisine, cooked me a delicious steak and otherwise provided for the department of the interior. I was assigned to bunk No. 7 in what irrepressible Louis Vetter had christened the "Pesthouse," a long tent-house supplied with cot beds ranged in a row *a la* the late Brigham Young's supposed menage. I was bounded on the north by Major R. W. Burnham, on the south by Louis Vetter, to the southwest by John Eugene Fishburn. Beyond Burnham stretched the comfortable figure of Bond Francisco, adjoining him was John Byrne and to the north lay Homer Earle, J. O. Koepfli and Judge Conrey—truly a cosmopolitan gathering. Long after the electric lights were out and the candles burnt to their sockets the witticisms of John Byrne kept me so convulsed that sleep was out of the question. I drew a merciful curtain over the sounds that shivered the burlap roof after my comrades finally lost consciousness! There was a slit in the canopy immediately above my head and a lone star transfixed my gaze while small insects dropped through to give me friendly greeting at odd intervals. Never mind! the air was deliciously fresh

and balsamic and at 6 o'clock when the warbling of Henry O'Melveny outside broke on my ear I was ready for my morning plunge.

On the Trail to Wheeler's

What entertaining company Henry is! When half a dozen of us started up the long trail to Wheeler's Springs with Henry in the lead he could tell us the botanical name of every wildflower we passed, and yet so unostentatious is he, so modest withal that to associate with him is a pure delight. Arrived at the summit we caught sight of little Joe Rivers basking in the sun and presently saw him jump into his machine for a spin on the open road. A dip in the sulphur water pool was a treat. Here Henry and I was joined by Messrs. Byrne, Cass, Anderson, Charles Cassat Davis, Homer Earle, Dr. Babcock and several others. Then came the journey back, beguiled by Texas reminiscences told by Jim Anderson, stories by John Byrne, Henry O'Melveny Sunsetter Cass and others. It carried us to camp with a glorious appetite for luncheon.

Fun Around the Camp Fire

When Joe Scott, Captain Osborne, School Superintendent Francis and Professor Foshay arrived in Willis Booth's car, driven by Otis Booth, the camp atmosphere began to freshen perceptibly and by dinner time the older and younger ones were relaxing in a way that was good for every man. After dinner we gathered around the camp fire and sung all manner of college songs, darkey songs, ballads—particularly the Irish Christening, by Joe Scott, "Sweet Alice," en solo, by J. M. Elliott, and ending up with Auld Lang Syne, arms interlocked and in circle about the camp fire. A stump speech by Captain Osborne with Joe Scott as master of ceremonies, an original poem by Homer Earle, and then as Mr. Pepys would say, to bed! Sunday a drive home in Sunsetter Koepfli's capacious and powerful car, with Messrs. Washburn and Burnham sharing the rear of the tonneau with me. We halted at the Thacher School where we were escorted about by the scholarly Mr. Sherman Thacher, greeted young Elbert Wing, Emory Rogers, Joe Ball's bright son young Joe, and otherwise paid our respects to the Nordhoff classic school for boys. Then home via the Santa Paula valley with only one puncture and one "blowout" to beguile the way save that we encountered a horde of cicadas as we neared Saugus. An outing to be remembered.

Is It Lee Phillips' Double?

I have been asked to explain why handsome Lee Phillips has allowed his classic features to expand into a smile behind his glasses the while he gazes intently upon a half-emptied bottle of "Blue Ribbon" put up by Mr. Pabst of Milwaukee? In reply I would state that I am not altogether certain whether it is our Lee Phillips or his double. True, his right hand clutches firmly a glass of the amber liquid and an anticipatory look lingers about his lips. Yet why he should pose as a study for a Pabst advertisement is not clear. Until Lee admits the counterfeit presentment, I will cling to the belief that it is a case of mistaken identity.

"Jim" Keeney Homeward Bound

Leaving here last August for a prolonged wandering among the South Sea islands, Borneo, Java, Japan and the Philippines, Mr. and Mrs. James Keeney are now on their way homeward, having sailed from Nagasaki May 31, on the Manchuria. "Jim," as his cronies of the Jonathan Club call the former police commissioner, is reported to be greatly improved in health and is in every way benefited by his long outing with his charming and accomplished wife. They have picked up many rare curios and handsome rugs for their new home, the building of which will be begun soon after their arrival in Los Angeles.

Barham at the Herald Helm

Guy Barham and Mrs. Barham have returned to their home on West Seventh street after a prolonged trip east, the duration of which was considerably prolonged by Mrs. Barham's illness at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baby, in Detroit. Guy returns almost directly from a visit with William Randolph Hearst in New York, and it is to be expected that his resumption of direct management of the Herald may develop changes here and there in that lively but unprofitable newspaper. The Herald circulation does not seem to be of a character to attract the heavy advertisers, and it is for Barham to mend this if possible. For the first few weeks after the Herald became a unit in the Hearst system, the responsibility weighed heavily upon the shoulders of the popular Guy, who is Hearst's personal representative in the organization. He spoke in impressive tones of "my paper," but as his cronies around the clubs did not seem to be awed by his new dignities, and irreverently echoed his phrase in solicitous

inquiries about "my paper" he dropped back into his own peculiar engaging style of social intercourse, much to the joy of all concerned.

Another Talented Miss Dillon

Talent is proverbial in the family of the late Judge John C. Dillon. Already, the fame of Miss Florence Dillon has traveled far beyond the boundaries of Los Angeles, and her success in grand opera in Chicago is a matter of recent record. Miss Fanny is well known as a clever composer and her work is steadily maturing. Now comes the youngest of the trio, Miss Josephine, but recently out of college. She is appearing in leading parts in a stock company in Pasadena, playing such roles as Lady Bab-bie and Miss Hobbs with considerable success. It is more or less of a training school for her as yet, but there are such strong evidences of histrionic ability that I confidently predict it will not be long before she will have an opportunity in one of the larger stock companies hereabouts.

Any Port in a (Tax) Storm

One result of the heavy taxation and the inequitable special assessments—such as the Exposition Park scandal—which have been plaguing the owners of property in Los Angeles for the last year or more, is the establishment of bureaus which, for a small fee, engage to keep the property owner advised as to imminent assessments, and to coach him on tax matters. One such has been organized by Ivan Baker, and now W. C. Lewis, formerly city hall reporter for the Herald, has announced the formation of another. The nonresident especially is expected to welcome this means of protecting his interests, and certainly, unless the new administration displays rather more regard for economy, it is quite possible that these organizations may yet prove a power to be reckoned with in civic affairs.

Will There be a Band for the Knights?

It will be interesting to note what reception is given the Knights of the Rose Tournament of Pasadena, when they reach San Francisco today. When the Exposition officials were first informed that Liege Lord Frank G. Hogan and his distinguished party would pass a day in the Bay City en route to the Rose Carnival at Portland, there was much "glad-handing." Inofficial intimation was given that the entire party would be taken on an automobile drive around the fair grounds, and later given a trip on the bay. Later, President C. C. Moore is reported to have declared that there was no such intention, and no entertainment had been prepared, this latter announcement coming after the Santa Cruz convention of supervisors, where the Los Angeles representatives declared they had been treated shabbily, and would either make no exhibit at the fair, or else hold it outside the grounds. So the treatment of the Pasadena party today may be regarded as a fair index of the feeling of the exposition board toward the south. In the event of an open declaration of war, all Southern California may throw its influence to San Diego, with results little short of disastrous to the northern metropolis. The situation necessitates a delicacy of diplomacy which San Franciscans never have seen fit to display toward this end of the state.

Club Life a Costly Item

Men's clubs are coming in for their share of criticism as accelerators of the high cost of living. It is pointed out that although initiation fees in the leading clubs of San Francisco, for example, have been raised from 50 to 400 per cent there is a waiting list constantly of would-be members to such clubs as the Bohemian, Pacific Union, Union League and the University, while dues have been advanced proportionately. In the Bohemian Club and Pacific Union, for instance, the initiation fee has been raised from \$100 to \$500 and the dues from \$5 to \$10 a month, while other clubs have increased the fixed charges in like ratio. This is also true of Los Angeles. The California Club initiation fee has been steadily advancing in the last ten years from \$100 to \$500 and the dues from \$5 to \$8 a month. Jonathan Club dues, owing to a low rental lease have remained at \$5, but the initiation fee has been raised materially. So with the University Club, although in smaller proportion, but, unquestionably, the cost of membership privilege in all the men's clubs on the coast and, presumably, elsewhere has more than doubled in the last decade. With the increased cost of service and food supplies the scale of prices in club dining rooms has kept pace with the higher rates in other directions, so that the charge is well maintained that men's clubs are, without a doubt, adding to the high cost of living. High balls, we are given to understand, are among the few items on the list of club furnishings that are lowered, but not in price. Fifteen cents remains the standard charge, always with the alluring offer of two for a quarter, which tempts a member to let the other one play host, with,

of course, the usual result. Why the clubs are so much costlier than of yore is due in large measure to the ambitious desire to have individual club quarters. After an expensive lot has been purchased, a building in keeping follows, erected through a bond issue, to take care of which demands the increased dues. The higher initiation fees are used in equipping the clubhouse. The dining room deficit usually is offset by the buffet profits, but the heavy fixed charges in the period of bond liquidation account for the raised prices in all directions.

Pacific Electric Regains Confidence

Announcements of the development work to be carried on by the Pacific Electric in conjunction with the Southern Pacific come as a direct result of a renewal of confidence in the public utilities situation, following the defeat of the bill introduced in the recent legislature which proposed to enable municipalities practically to confiscate trolley lines within their boundaries, regardless of the effect on outside connections. Aside from the electric coast line which is now planned, there are many local improvements under consideration. The project to run through trains to Pasadena via the Covina line, with the old Shorb-Pasadena steam route as a connecting link, is among the most important, and only an adjustment of the franchise problem in South Pasadena stands in the way. That city will be placated for having non-stop trains shot through its residence district, with a cutoff through to the present Short Line via Schuetzen Park. It seems well within reach, and construction work may begin within a few weeks.

Redondo Tennis Club Dismantled

There was lamentation among the Redondo Beach tennis players when the excellent courts on the old carnation grounds were sold to a real estate speculator who promptly evicted the club members. As a result half a dozen devotees will go elsewhere this summer for deep sea breathing exercises. Even the Avery McCarthys' house will be unoccupied save by renters, since the family pines for a change of scenery this season. However, the Fricks will occupy their beautiful home and the Leo Chandlers may decide to return if a suitable place can be secured. But the tennis club founded by the urbane Charles Burnett is not.

Doings of the Dreyfuses Abroad

Los Angelans who have been journeying abroad will begin to flock back in the fall and among the most welcome homecomers will be Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus, who have been enjoying life in the social art centers of Europe for many months. At present they are in Berlin, where Mrs. Dreyfus is studying German lieder. They have just concluded a long stay in Paris, where they had the delight of hearing Lilli Lehman sing at the new Champs Elysee theater. Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Rand entertained them at dinner. The Rands are to occupy a historical old villa at Florence, Italy, where Mr. Rand, who is deeply interested in philosophy, is to devote his time to writing a book. Mrs. Dreyfus rendered several songs at a musicale exploiting the compositions of Count d'Axel Raoul Wachtmeister, who is well known in this city, and M. Sjogren, the Swedish composer, was so delighted with her voice that he requested Mrs. Dreyfus to "go over" several of his songs with him. That the traveling American is fast being recognized abroad as a person of culture and gentle breeding among those European scoffers who have been wont to regard us as a nation of slangy gigglers is due to the fact that so many of our artistic and representative people are in their midst, not as mere tourists anxious to see everything in the briefest time, but as students of art, music, languages and conditions.

Planning Utopian Projects

Socialistic projects were once merely theories, but many of them are being put into practice in these days, and one of the newest in Los Angeles is the organization of the "Voluntary Cooperative Association," comprising a number of earnest spirits who are impatient of present social and industrial conditions and are attempting practical leavening of the lump. It is the object of the association to acquire land and tools, establish industries, secure to workers the product of their labor without rent, interest or profit, and gradually extend its scope until it abolishes the present system. The association is to act as trustee of the property, which cannot be mortgaged, bonded or divided. Membership in the organization is obtained by payment of fees either by installments or in lump sum, such membership providing employment, insurance in case of accident and care for dependents in event of death. It is an Utopian plan, and one which is being followed by members of the Socialist party in Oklahoma. The first regular meeting of the association is to be held at Rob Wagner's studio next Friday afternoon. The

trustees include Dr. T. Perceval Gerson, president, Mary E. Garbutt, vice-president, E. Angie Roberts, secretary, Ernest Dawson, treasurer, James Watson, business manager, Henry A. Beck, and George Thomas Millar, organizer.

Running Start for Press Club

It appears that the organizers of the Los Angeles Press Club proposes to give that institution a running start. Through the efforts of their special representative at Washington, John B. Elliott, they have obtained the consent of Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, to be the guest of honor at a banquet to be given at the Alexandria July 20. It was a happy choice of guest, for Secretary Daniels, he who substituted "right" and "left" for "starboard" and "port" in the navy orders, is himself a newspaper man of high standing, and should be an entertaining visitor as well as lending prestige to the organization. Jack Elliott, by the way, is one of the best men in the world to get things at Washington. He knows officialdom thoroughly, having been Associated Press correspondent there for several years, and is even better equipped for diplomatic missions since he is a close friend of Secretary Lane. There has been no little speculation as to the motive for his present visit to the national capital, on the part of those who are aware of this friendship, but, personally, I do not believe Jack is a job-hunter. Moreover, he likes Los Angeles too well to leave it for a great length of time. He could have gone back to the Associated Press after his tendency to argue his point of view with E. T. Earl had made his position as managing editor of the Tribune impossible, but he seems to have adopted a free lance life for aye. Unquestionably, his good offices had much to do with the procuring of Secretary Daniels as a lion for the local scribes.

Extravagant and Incompetent Press Bureau

Newspapers in Southern California—probably elsewhere as well—have been receiving of late more proof of the reckless extravagance of the management of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, whose chief aim seems to be to spend money, regardless of gaining results. It is an open secret that the publicity department of the fair is probably the most expensive ever organized in the United States. With this outlay of money it should have been possible, in San Francisco, to obtain the services of men who "know the game" and who can send out matter which will find a welcome at least in the editorial offices of their own state. Yet one of the latest attempts at publicity is a large matrix, sent express prepaid to many papers, in which an attempt is made to reproduce a cut, the original of which would have been good for magazine or similar purposes, but which would scarcely take the impression of the matrix. The stereotyping, moreover, is of the poorest quality, and even with the best of material the result would have been practically worthless. It begins to appear that the few capable newspaper men in this costly bureau are holding sinecures, while the actual work is handed over to office boys and other incompetents.

GRAPHITES

I swan! Here's San Francisco, that sassy little town,
Abolishing her horse cars and yearning for renown;
Do tell! First thing we know the pesky folks up there
Will build a gorgeous opry house and hold a county fair.

Los Angeles has pinned a rose on her municipal breast. Earl may find that it has thorns concealed about it.

Unless ranchers and orchardists act with celerity in dealing with the grasshoppers those lively-moving critters are likely to get away with everything in sight.

Col. Nelson of the Kansas City Star is guilty of contempt declares the state supreme court, in essence, but he escapes the consequences because of the error of the trial judge in preparing his evidence in advance of the verdict of guilty rendered. There's sapiency for you!

It pays to be a coroner up in Alaska even if the "pickings" are few and far between. To "sit" on a corpse lying 110 miles from the settlement of Georgetown mulcted the public treasury \$1072. It took a week for the jurors to reach the spot by dog sleds. Suicides in lonely corners of the territory should be severely discouraged under heavy penalty.

America owes much to J. M. Barrie for delightful entertainment hence the bestowal of a baronetcy on the author of "Peter Pan" and "Sentimental Tommy" is gratifying to his admirers, since it is the sort of recognition that means much to a British subject. Forbes Robertson, the author, is similarly honored, thus filling the void which the death of Sir Henry Irving created.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

There is considerable speculation among the musically inclined as to the local symphony outlook. But the election of a strong board of managers last week augurs well for the coming year. The retiring board has carried on these concerts for years at considerable personal sacrifice and as a rule has met the deficits of each season. The only complaint heard is that it made the symphony society a close social corporation—but no one objected to the "closed" part of it when the final settlement each season was reached. Nobody wanted to break in just about the time the "dividends" were paid. The retiring members are Mmes. Solano, Hershey, Kerckhoff, Mossin, Ramsey, MacNeil, Smith and Messrs. Walton, MacLeish and Slauson. Messrs. Hamilton and Behymer had the backing of the former board of directors at all times and all together piloted the under-provisioned musical craft to harbor each season.

This newly elected board is a monetary and social combination with the exception of two musical women, Mrs. Clifford Lott and Mrs. Walter Raymond, who takes rank among leading Los Angeles musicians. The others are music lovers rather than musicians. This department of The Graphic has made inquiries as to its plans, but, so far, they have been carefully secluded from public gaze, save an unauthorized announcement at the time of the election. When a young woman who played before Ysaye, at the Gamut Club, confessed to being scared to the point of not knowing what she was doing by the presence of the great artist, he said to her, "Nevair fear ze artiste; eet ees the person who knows not much about music zat you haf to fear." So when it comes to matters of music, I imagine Mrs. Lott and Mrs. Raymond will hold the balance of musical knowledge. Certainly, the director-to-be will have warm assistants in them. Gen. M. H. Sherman is announced as president of the board. Mmes. Raymond, Lott and Story, vice presidents; Mrs. Mason, secretary; Mrs. Koepfli, treasurer; with Gen. Sherman, Dr. Norman Bridge, Mmes. Doheny, and Huntington, working harmoniously with Mmes. Lott and Raymond the symphony programmes are assured for next season.

If choice is made from the list announced as applicants, the director will know more about orchestras and symphonies than anyone else in Los Angeles. Take Dr. Wetzler, of Riga, for instance, or Wasily Safonoff, or Arthur Berg or Otto Urach or Max Hirschfeld or any one of a picked score from the number, not to omit Henry Schoenfeld—whose application might have had more weight had he mailed it via Germany, perhaps—any one of them would infuse new life into the playing of the orchestra. And, by the way, it has escaped notice that nearly every member of the symphony orchestra has signed a petition to have Henry Schoenfeld appointed to the baton. The men have played under him and they know his ability.

In the daily press, an elaborate outline of plans of the new board was published—which plans doubtless were in the shape of information to the incoming board. The new board may do more. We hope and pray that it may. The crux of the matter is in the guarantee fund that must be raised.

If the members of the board will give that little matter sufficient attention, a guarantee fund of \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year may be raised. Hardly any less will serve to fill out the program the board has authorized. Mr. Behymer is noncommittal as to whether or no he will manage the coming season of symphony concerts.

Recently, George Kruger, who formerly taught here and later went to San Francisco where he is having much more success, put on a program by his piano pupils, including an arrangement of the "Semiramide" overture for sixteen pianists. The teacher in a music school and at times the private teacher has to program such monstrosities in order that each pupil may have a chance to appear before an applauding public. I remember, the late W. S. B. Mathews, editor of Music, once did the same thing, when he had charge of the music in an Alabama college. You know, in the music department of the smaller colleges, every pupil must "play a piece" every term or so, or the teacher begins to lose caste. It does not matter much what the "piece" is, just so the pupil's name is on the program. So schemes like this are put over to get rid of them in bunches of eight and sixteen—I know, for I used to be guilty of it.

That reminded the veteran of many pianistic battles, A. J. Stamm, of a similar performance in the early days of San Francisco. Mr. Stamm says on the occasion of Gottschalk's visit to that city, though I can't believe that the "American Chopin" was guilty. It was desired to have a performance by sixteen pianists, but, alas, only fifteen professionals could be found. So an amateur was impressed. But the manager was not sure of his pianistic talent sufficiently to feel that he would not do damage to the "artistic" ensemble. A friendly piano tuner urged that the amateur be permitted to play—with the proviso that the tuner have a few minutes at the piano in advance. So the performance came off and Mr. Amateur was on the front row and received the loud plaudits of his friends beyond the footlights. He played with vigor and with no intruding discord. But always, there are curious persons mousing, and one of these later made the discovery that the action of that particular piano had been removed prior to the performance!

Musical America speaks as follows concerning Lilly Dorn, for two seasons singing here under the Behymer management: "Lilly Dorn, the young dramatic soprano from Vienna, was the principal soloist at the last festival concert of the Newark Oratorio Society, L. A. Russell conductor. Miss Dorn aroused much enthusiasm through her singing of "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin," the finale of the third act and aria from "Lohengrin," and the aria from "Freischutz." Miss Dorn, who has made two very successful tours through California and the West, will leave next week on the Olympic and will remain in Europe until September, when she is to return to fill a number of engagements in the East and then start for another coast tour."

At a recent concert given by the chorus of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Oakland, under the direction of Alexander Stewart, the program was made of compositions of Bach and Stevenson—happy conjunction. The Stevenson numbers were "Hear, O Lord"



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for quartet, "The Salutation of the Dawn" for contralto with violin obligato, "Light" for baritone, and "Harken Unto Me," for chorus, tenor solo and organ with orchestra. The latter work is dedicated to conductor and organist Stewart and was given its first hearing on this occasion. Compositions like this would be welcome at the Sunday afternoon concerts of the People's Orchestra, where there is rare opportunity for compositions combining chorus, organ and orchestra. And as to soloists there is no lack—it seems nearly all Los Angeles wanted to sing in these concerts this season.

It is announced that Pomona college music department of which F. A. Bacon is the director, has had a donation of \$100,000, given by the father of a young woman, deceased, who studied there. The donor is A. S. Bridges, of Point Loma. Doubtless this will mean a fine music hall for Claremont.

Pomona college will have a pageant at Claremont, June 17, at which Ellen Beach Yaw will sing and will introduce her newly announced vocal accomplishment of trilling in thirds, fourths and fifths, similar to the work of an artistic whistler.

Hattie Mueller gives a piano program at Blanchard Hall, Monday night, playing a Rubinstein etude, a Leschetitzky intermezzo and a Chopin nocturne and etude.

Shrine Arab legion has engaged the Ohlmeyer band for promenade concerts at the Shrine Auditorium, June 16 and 17. The band has several capable soloists, including Blanche Lyons, soprano.

Henry Schoenfeld will direct the music at the entertainment to be given by the Turnverein Germania at Temple Auditorium, next Saturday night.

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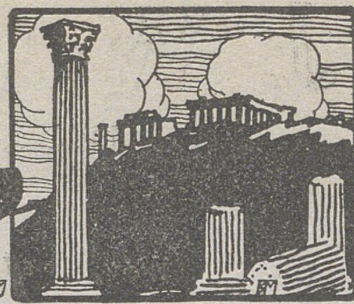
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cert of the Orpheus Club for the season will be given at the Auditorium, under direction of J. P. Dupuy. Wednesday night, the Ellis Club will wind up its season with a fine program.

Soloists at the Lyric Club concert next Wednesday night will be Homer Grunn, pianist, Verne Merrick, violinist, Marjorie Webber, soprano, and Mrs. McCune, contralto.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell
EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK
Jules Pages—Steckel Gallery

At the private gallery of Dr. W. T. Nichols on picturesque Lomita avenue in Glendale are to be seen six new canvases from the facile brush of Granville Redmond that are among this talented painter's most successful renderings. Since Mr. Redmond's departure from Los Angeles more than three years ago, local art lovers have had little opportunity to study his late development and it is to be sincerely hoped that Dr. Nichols will, in the near future, consent to show his splendid collection of Redmond's canvases in a loan exhibition at a downtown gallery. The local art colony suffered a distinct loss when Mr. Redmond departed for San Francisco, although at the time his many friends and admirers in Los Angeles did not apprehend that his sojourn in the north would extend over so lengthy a period.

Ever since the artist's return from his student days in Paris, he had occupied a prominent position in the field of art, and like a prophet in his own land was regarded as personal property. His ramshackle studio on North Sichel

taken in the vicinity of Menlo Park, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, and are forcible in treatment, true in character, and unerring in color values. Two of these delineate early morning, two are painted in the full light of noon day, and two depict the charms of twilight and early moonrise, withal a superb group and one of great art value.

Among the most noteworthy of the canvases under consideration at the Nichols gallery may be mentioned two Monterey coast studies and a delightful pastoral called "Orange and Blue." "Rocky Point" is an early morning view of Carmel Bay. Extending from the right to the center of the composition is seen a precipitous cliff from the sides of which the stormy seas have dislodged scores of jagged rocks that now lie at its feet, the playthings of the waves. Above the cliff, clinging to its rocky sides by main force, several gnarled live oaks add variety of line and color to the study. The sky seems like a misty veil of pearl-gray through which the sun, still below the horizon, diffuses a flood of opalescent light, which is beautifully reflected in the gently moving water of the bay. A distant sail is visible but it not sufficient-



TYPICAL CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPE, BY GRANVILLE REDMOND

street was for many years the mecca of art lovers and it was there that the majority of Mr. Redmond's best and most comprehensive landscape renderings were painted. The work that has been accomplished in his northern studio is in many ways superior to his southern interpretations, yet I have never quite forgotten how well his moods reflected the dreamy, poetic languor that broods over the enchanted southland and how skilled was his hand in translating upon the canvas the golden gray hills and the green-blue skies of Southern California. Mr. Redmond paints the northern landscape as he sees it and as it really appears, but he painted the southland as he felt it and understood it.

Technically, his work has advanced perceptibly in the last year and his general treatment is more direct and telling. He handles color in much the same manner that characterized his early efforts and stamped a unique individuality upon his work. His color harmonies are remarkably restful and in instances are still poetic, although the crisp atmosphere of the north tends to harden the outline and intensify the tone. Six large landscape studies by Redmond hang in the Del Monte gallery and are excellent examples of his later development. The subjects are

ly conspicuous to detract from the tranquility of the scene.

"Cypress Point" is the title given to a successful rendering of a well-known spot along the northern shore. Here we see a fine sketch of the bay into which extends a massive bluff covered by fantastic cypress trees. The huge masses of rock at the foot of the cliffs are fine in character and rich and full in color. The whole mass is deftly reflected in the shadowy water, over which an early moon casts a sheen of silvery light. A notable feature of this canvas is the treatment of sky which is rendered in tones of grayish green seen through what appears to be a golden mist. The study called "Orange and Blue" is painted in a new manner. The spell of the south is not even remotely responsible for the success of this canvas. The composition is rather difficult and in the hands of a less competent artist could easily have over-ruled. Low rolling hills are cut deep by a ravine almost directly in the center of the canvas. Great brilliant patches of golden poppies and purple lupin grow in profusion on the hillsides. A tiny path winds away in the distance and loses itself in a clump of live oak trees. The line of flat hills in the far distance is well painted and the sky glows with rich luminous tones. Gray predomi-

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nates in all of these northern studies, yet it is not the dreamy tonal gray of the south. It is the crisp, virile gray of the north, equally difficult to render and absolutely true to nature.

Shortly before the death of J. Pierpont Morgan it was rumored in the exclusive art circles of Rome that the American Croesus was negotiating for the purchase of a ruined temple near Athens. It was Mr. Morgan's intention to remove this classic relic of the Golden Age to America where it was to serve a dual purpose, namely, to ornament the gardens of a certain country estate in which the great financier was interested, and to stand as a model of perfect architectural art for the edification and inspiration of American builders. It might be an interesting argument to speculate upon the ultimate success or failure of either one or both of these purposes if we could get far enough away from the absurdity of the original idea. Fancy an ancient Grecian ruin transplanted to the village green at Podunk or Hoboken or even Los Angeles, where the climate at least suggests the Southern Peninsula across the seas. Now, like a typhoon from the placid deep comes the startling and deplorable news from Prades that George Grey Barnard, the celebrated American sculptor, has actually purchased, for the sum of \$1,200, the historic ruins that have made Prades famous in art and history. It seems that Mr. Barnard has coveted this classic pile for a long time, and finding the owner in destitute circumstances, took advantage of the opportunity with true Yankee spirit. I hear my intelligent readers gasp and say, "Is nothing sacred from American commercialism?" It seems not. Acts of this nature are what give Americans so poor a standing in the eyes of the cultivated European, and it is small wonder that a great French poet recently remarked, that the most disgusting sight he ever saw was a party of American tourists visiting the Louvre. "One woman," he states, "attempted to bribe a guard that she might be allowed to inscribe her autographed appreciation upon the gold frame of a certain Madonna." When it became known in Prades that Mr. Barnard intended to crate his ruin, he found that he had reckoned without his host. The townspeople arose with one voice and prevented by force the removal. They appealed to Leon Berard, under secretary of state for fine arts in Paris, and he has sent \$600 from the national treasury on condition that the people of Prades subscribe a further \$600 to make up the total sum paid by Sculptor Barnard for the relics. Wise France, loyal townspeople of Prades! What a fine thing is civic pride. George Gray Barnard should know better.

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Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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Social & Personal

Miss Emmeline Childs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ozro W. Childs will be formally introduced to society this afternoon at a large reception to be given by her grandmother, Mrs. Emmeline Childs and her aunt, Mrs. Frank Hicks at the Los Angeles County Club. The clubhouse will be bowered with cut flowers, and about three hundred guests will greet the fair debutante between the hours of four and six. Miss Childs, who passed her childhood days in this city, has been at school in France for several years, and has been warmly welcomed since her return. Tomorrow afternoon Mrs. Leo Chandler is to give an informal tea party in her honor, and also as a compliment to Miss Sally MacFarland. Only the younger set are bidden, and the girls will be joined by their young men friends.

Mrs. Francis Gage of the Hartmann apartments presided at a luncheon, Wednesday afternoon for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Volney Gage, the feature of which was the announcement of the engagement of the latter to Mr. Thomas Chalmers Gray of Downey, Cal. The luncheon table had a centerpiece of pink sweet peas, lilies of the valley and maidenhair ferns, and at each cover was a corsage bouquet of the flowers in which was concealed a little envelope making the interesting announcement. Mrs. Gage's special coterie of girl friends enjoyed the afternoon and comprised Mrs. Louis H. Tolhurst, Mrs. Harry Borden, Mrs. Milton Huston, Miss Alice Cline, Miss Adelaide Gillis, Miss Emmeline Childs, Miss Juliette Boileau, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Sallie McFarland and Miss Emma Conroy. The marriage is announced for Wednesday, June 11, and will take place at the home of former Governor and Mrs. Henry T. Gage at Downey, where Mrs. Gage has made her home for several years.

Practical assistance is being given the little orphans of this city by the girls who form the Orphans' Home Auxiliary, and the first of their plans is the benefit to be given next Saturday evening at the Shrine Auditorium. All sorts of attractions are being planned for the occasion, and the charming debutantes who organized the auxiliary will be assisted by the society matrons, while fathers and uncles will attend to the practical details and act as floor managers. The girls are not only plying their needles in the making of garments for the little unfortunates but they delight in entertaining them with stories and other diversions on their trips to the institution, and their project deserves the strongest support.

Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick of Burlington avenue presided at a bridge luncheon Wednesday afternoon. The house was beautifully decorated with masses of blossoms in pink, red and yellow. The guests were seated at small tables decorated with Japanese baskets brimming with blossoms, which afterward were allotted as prizes. Gold monogrammed cards marked covers for fifty guests.

Miss Lillian Van Dyke, who has been visiting in the North returned to her home on West Adams street this week.

After touring the world for several years, Colonel and Mrs. J. S. Van Doren and their daughter, Mrs. John Hubert Norton have returned to Los Angeles.

Miss Hazel Moore, a charming debutante of Massachusetts, is to become the bride of Mr. Charles Scott Salisbury, son of Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Salisbury of this city. Mr. Salisbury has

been a student at the New York Medical College and has just received his degree. He will serve as an interne in the Rochester Hospital for a year, and then will bring his bride to Los Angeles, where he will enter into practice with his father. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Miss Eleanor Banning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, who has been visiting in Virginia since the close of her school in New York, is expected home the coming week, and the following week her brother, Hancock Banning, Jr. will arrive, in time for the dancing party with which Captain William Banning will entertain in honor of his nephews and nieces at his home at Thirty-first and Hoover streets.

Colonel and Mrs. William May Garland have left for a trip abroad, and will not return to this city until late in the autumn. Col. and Mrs. Garland and a number of friends enjoyed the performance at the Majestic Monday evening, followed by supper at the Alexandria, and Tuesday evening they were tendered a farewell dinner by Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran at Nat Goodwin's cafe at Venice.

Mrs. Fred Bacon and Mrs. Fred Selwyn Lang gave a reception for Mrs. Edwin Bremmer of Vancouver, B. C., Tuesday afternoon, at the home of the former on Occidental boulevard. Mrs. Bremmer's play "The Searchlight" won the play contest instituted by the Friday Morning Club several weeks ago. She has been visiting here for several months but expects to return home in the near future. The house was delightfully decorated with Matilija poppies, coreopsis, broom and Shasta daisies, the color scheme being in yellow and white. A musical program was rendered. Assisting the hostesses were Mrs. Willits J. Hole, Mrs. Thomas Allan Box, Mrs. Helen Henderson Steckel, Mrs. Gertrude Ross, Mrs. Reuben Shettler, Mrs. C. L. Power, Mrs. Leroy K. Daniel, and Mrs. Charles L. Hubbard. A bevy of pretty girls presided over the punch bowls.

Dr. and Mrs. Albert E. Nichols have issued cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Adele Nichols, to Mr. Harold Fraser Weller, which is to take place Tuesday, June 10, at the Highland Park Presbyterian Church. Miss Dorothy Nichols is to assist her sister as maid of honor, while the bridesmaids include Miss Maude Lowell, Miss Mary Sawyer and Miss Grace Mathis. Mr. Earle V. Weller of El Centro is to act as his brother's best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell of South Figueroa street have returned from a visit of several weeks in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake have returned from a stay at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holliday and Mrs. W. S. Hook passed the week end at Coronado. Mrs. Hook is planning to stay through the summer at the hotel, where she will be joined by her son, Mr. Barbee Hook, what at present is in Europe.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire of San Francisco and Miss Doris Wilshire, who are visiting Mrs. George Wilshire, motored to Coronado this week for a short stay.

Announcement is made by Mr. Emile Hoffman of San Francisco of the engagement of his daughter, Miss Cecile Hoffman, to Mr. P. J. McCarthy of this city. Miss Hoffman is a niece of Mrs.

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G. Allan Hancock, and with another aunt, Miss Marie Mullen, will leave this week for a trip abroad, planning to gather her trousseau while in Paris.

Among the arrivals at Hotel del Coronado this week were Mr. and Mrs. Milton Metzler, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Thom, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Herrington, Miss Harris, Mrs. L. H. Carlton, Miss Blanche Ruby, Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Smart, Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Trippet, Mr. C. A. Vandenburg, Misses Carlton, Mr. D. W. Carlton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Kilner, Miss Evelyn Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Vale and the Misses Vale, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wallis, Mr. J. E. Wallis and the Misses Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Brown, Mrs. P. W. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hawkins, Mrs. W. T. Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. James P. McCarthy.

Under the direction of D. F. Robertson of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank steamship department, the following Los Angelans will leave September 10 for a tour of the world: Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Richards, Mr. M. A. Fuller, Mrs. E. B. Tufts, Miss Marjorie Tufts, Mrs. Katherine Kent Althouse, Mr. and Mrs. John Combe, Mr. and Mrs. Menzo Williams, Mrs. D. F. Robertson, Miss Roberts, Mrs. E. H. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. E. B.

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Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Purcell, Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, Mr. Frank E. Shandrew, Mrs. O. F. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Lockwood, Miss M. E. Null and Mr. Carlton Kerr.

Mrs. Frederic Hooker Jones of 325 West Adams street has issued invitations to meet Mrs. Russell Judson Waters in the beautiful Hooker gardens, Saturday, June 14, from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Around the World Tours

Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway, has reduced the first class Around the World rates to \$480.50. This is cheaper than staying at home.—Adv.

MUSIC AND ART IN DRESDEN

Anton J. Werner, German's greatest war artist, has just celebrated his seventieth anniversary at Berlin. A native of Frankfurt, whose father was a cabinetmaker, of little wealth, he devoted himself to decorative drawing till he entered the Berlin Academy, where he was later to be the director, and was especially influenced by Menzel. He paid his expenses by working at illustrations till he moved to Duesseldorf, at that time the great center of German art life. Lessing had considerable influence on the young artist's career, and at this time he illustrated Scheffel's poems, creating the ideal "Trompeter" and other heroes of Scheffel's well known poems. After his marriage to Miss Schroter, he went to Paris and Rome. His first commission was the wall decorations for Kiel gymnasium. After the war of '70 and '71, he designed the frieze on the Victory monument at Berlin, carried out in Venetian mosaic, and one of the pioneer efforts in that medium in Germany. In 1875 Werner was proposed as successor to Schadow as director of the Berlin Academy of Art, and after his election he stirred up a storm by his revolutionary manner of conducting it. He got rid of many of the fossils that had been instructors and with the aid of Schaper Hertel, who recently died—Gussow and Gude, he not only improved the standing of the Academy, but attracted students to it and increased the attendance four-fold. The decade of 1870 to 1880 was Werner's greatest, and in that period he produced his great historical works. The Berlin Congress, the French War Pictures, which are now causing considerable discussion because many of them have been excluded from the Centennial Exhibition to celebrate the Hohenzollern reign, on account of the tension between France and Germany at the present time over the landing of airships in both countries and various other causes. Werner was probably the last of the great military painters that have done so much to glorify war. He was fairly loaded with medals and honors in his eventful life as a prolific artist.

The International Architectural Exhibition is now in progress at Leipzig and besides showing the progress of the world in building science, is interesting in its reconstruction of Old Leipzig with its famous old gateways and historical buildings now no longer in existence.

An international color exhibition is open in Dresden here at the Art Society hall on the Terrasse. Upward of 1500 pictures are hung in the numerous rooms, and splendid works are to be seen scattered among a great deal that is trivial and amateurish. Claus-Meyer has a large study for a fresco, in his own unapproachable manner, and many of the great water color painters of the world are represented. There are no "Cubists" or "Futurists" I regret to say, as I would like to see examples of that peculiar brand of art (?) work; but there are other things on view that I believe could not be beaten by the most rabid of the disciples of "l'art nouveau;" things that one could believe a child of five years of age might be able to accomplish. Naïve, crude outlines no more like the human form divine than the aimless meanderings of the pencil or brush in the hands of an infant, and daubed with all the colors of the rainbow without an idea of harmony, the splashes and daubs encroaching on the supposed outline, just as a child will do in coloring a drawing. If that be art let us try to make the most out of it. Selection no longer plays a part in the carrying out of the modern picture and why the old colored photo is not accepted at the new exhibitions I have often wondered.

A new Holbein has just been discov-

ered in Danzig. It is probably the last work the artist did; and is a miniature of a young man in water color on paper. The Berlin International Art Exhibition is now open at Berlin and contains almost as many old as new works. At the water color exhibition here I saw one of Menzel's works with the date 1830 on it. Hardly a work to be shown in a new art show.

A new find of parts of an unknown symphony in F sharp by Richard Wagner, written when he was director of the Magdeburger opera in 1835, has just been made. Fliegender Hollander which was given for the first time in Berlin in 1844, will be given June 1, when the memorial is unveiled in the Thiergarten. The Wagner concert to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth (May 22, 1813) will occur at the Frauen church May 21.

Now that the Frankfurt emperor prize singing is over and Director Schuch has returned, the result of the Frankfurt contest is admitted to have proved disappointing to the winners of last year's contest, the Cologne Society, and because of the presence of the Kaiser when the Berlin Society was awarded the prize, there have been all sorts of rumors of favoritism in the award. The Colognes were about tenth on the list and they now talk of keeping away from such open competitions in future; so they make a noise like a sore head, or it seems so to my ears. Another club that was given a consolation prize decided to refuse it, with thanks.

In an operative way Dresden will also celebrate the "Master's" natal day by giving the Ring May 22, 23, 25 and 29, and what is new to me, the "Götterdämmerung" will only be given with the other, which have been given once or twice the last two months, and only tickets for the four performances will be sold. Those who can't stand the whole Ring in a week—and there are a large number of music lovers that find it a heavy task to listen to those big operas and really enjoy them without suffering nervously, if not physically—must wait till the honorable theater authorities are willing to give a single performance of the "End of the Gods."

Evelyn Thaw is to appear at the London Hippodrome the end of this month at a salary of three thousand dollars, but whether by the week or for the whole time rumor does not say.

Eisenach will repeat her successful Bach fest of 1911 September 22 and 23. The "Meistersingers of Nuremberg"—that reply to his critics who scoffed at Wagner's music, claiming it was utterly tuneless because it did not follow the path laid out by Mozart, Gluck, Weber, etc.—will form a fitting close to the celebration of the centennial of the master's birth, in this city which is so closely identified with the early life of Wagner. As a very young child he came here after his mother married Geyer the actor and it was as Richard Geyer that he was entered at the school and later he appeared on the stage as a child in "William Tell," and with his three words of a speech he added several of his own that while not in the book at least showed his inventive brain and did not spoil the cue or scene. I suppose we will now be buried under an avalanche of lives of the master; as if we did not have enough of that sort of books from friend and foe. I think we know the worst as well as the best of that great genius.

Dresden, May 15, 1913. C. M. M.

Governor Sulzer of New York recently wrote to the publishers of J. J. Underwood's new book, "Alaska, An Empire in the Making," requesting that an early copy of the volume be sent to him, the governor having made fourteen trips to the territory, where

IMPORTANT CHANGE OF TIME

SUNDAY, JUNE 8

The "Californian" will leave Los Angeles 12:30 p. m. instead of 3 p. m., via El Paso and Rock Island, arriving at Kansas City, 9:30 p. m.; St. Louis, 7:55 a. m., and Chicago, 1:30 p. m.

New Service to Imperial Valley

Leave Los Angeles, 12:30 p. m., arrive Calexico, 8:15 p. m. This in addition to trains at 7:50 a. m. and 10:15 p. m.

Through Standard Sleeper Daily to Portland, Tacoma and Seattle

Leave Los Angeles, 5 p. m., and use Shasta Limited from Oakland. Returning, arrive Los Angeles 2:45 p. m.

Improved Service to Owens Valley

Leave Los Angeles, 7:30 p. m. daily, arrive Owenyo, 8 a. m. next day. Returning, leave Owenyo 5 p. m., arrive Los Angeles 8:15 a. m. following day. Through Standard Sleeper leaves Los Angeles Tuesdays and Fridays. Returning, leaves Owenyo Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Through Standard Sleeper to Phoenix Will leave Los Angeles 2:00 p. m. daily, instead of 3:00 p. m.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. 014496 May 24, 1913.
NOTICE is hereby given that George Francis of Cornell, Cal., who, on Dec. 28, 1911, made homestead entry No. 014496, for E½NE¼ Sec. 17, S½SE¼, Section 8, Township 1 S, Range 19 W, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 17th day of July, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a.m.
Claimant names as witnesses: Charles M. Decker, Charles Lawrence Weiss, J. Fred Vaughan, Frank H. Thew, all of Cornell, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

the town of Sulzer is named for him. In his letter he writes "I have known the author for the last fifteen years and have 'mushed' with him in the great Alaskan and Siberian wilds. He is a splendid man and a good writer. I know the book will be interesting." Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Underwood met several years ago in Siberia, where the latter was prospecting and exploring. They traveled back to Nome, Alaska, together and became fast friends.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Morality, sugar-coated, reigns at the Majestic this week in Walter Browne's allegory, "Everywoman," of which there is so much that is good to be said that the faults may be dismissed with brief mention. Mr. Browne had a poetic insight, a delicate imagery, that is strongly evident at many moments of the play, and this fact makes one wonder at times if certain crudities of diction have not been interpolated by stage directors and theatrical artisans rather than by the author himself. There is a simplicity about the story that is almost childlike, and at times

Way, with the unmasking of vice and passion in Broadway surroundings, rather than in the sloughs of despair, etc. "Everywoman," with her three maidens, Youth, Beauty and Modesty, is cajoled by Flattery to go forth and seek King Love, and although Truth implores her to remain at home, the voice of Flattery is the louder. Youth leads her to the stage, where Wealth and Power bow at her feet, and where Modesty flees at the moment when Passion, disguised as Love, wins Everywoman's lips. In the midst of high revel Beauty dies, succumbing to the long hours and ill treatment. When



JESSIE BUSLEY, IN "MISS 318," AT THE ORPHEUM

the point of view is strikingly naive. One feels, however, that had Mr. Browne lived—it is a tragic instance of the irony of fate that he should have died before he knew of his great success—"Everywoman" would have been more complete, more poetic than it stands today.

The play is a sermon, yet the audiences do not feel that they are sitting under a preachment, wherein lies a great part of its charm. The playwright was skillful enough to lay his scenes in the present day, with glimpses of stage life and of the Great White

Beauty dies Youth remains but a little while; and Everywoman, unloved, unwanted, is an outcast. Then, for the first time, she sees Truth—not the misshapen, ugly Truth of other days, but shining, beautiful and straight. Truth leads Everywoman back to the firelit home, and there sleeping by the fire is Love, who has always been waiting, who has kept the embers ablaze on the hearth, the curtains parted that the light might fall out across the path, the door on the latch, so that if Everywoman returned, she might not find a deserted hearth. It is a play with the

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After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty Afternoon Tea served in the Main Dining Salon

peculiar property of carrying to each individual its own message, and it is curiously interesting to note its effect on various people. Yet it must be confessed that probably nine out of ten persons who witness it and declare their high opinion of its values will admit under pressure that they became bored, because they didn't understand it, even though they found beauty and uplift in certain moments.

The masterpiece of characterization in the play is Nobody, strange whimsical creature of imagination whose vivid portrayal by H. Cooper Cliffe is a perfect work. Mr. Cliffe is evidently a master of elocution without becoming elocutionary. His voice is perfectly pitched and is strangely like a cello, his inflection is wonderful, his mien dignified, and in appearance he might be the incarnation of Dore's Dante. The "Everywoman" of Adele Blood is a creature of striking physical charm and musical voice, although she is inclined to overacting and to the elocutionary. This is a fault that may be found with many members of the company, particularly in the case of Youth. The trio of pretty girls in Youth, Beauty and Modesty may be forgiven their lack of dramatic inspiration, however, because of their abundance of charms. There are many striking features to the play—so many that the pity of Walter Browne's passing out seems doubly cruel, for the beauty of his first effort indicates that there surely would have been born a real poetic drama had he been spared.

"Admirable Crichton" at the Morosco

J. M. Barrie's fantastic little play, "The Admirable Crichton," has never had the success it deserves, probably because so few of its shafts of satire reach their mark in the comprehension of audiences, who are prone to vote the play "slow," because of the lack of high lights in its action. Yet is written with that clever subtlety of which Barrie is master, and its little jibes at social distinctions have an undercur-

rent of seriousness beneath all the froth of comedy. Barrie takes an English family of high degree; a nobleman who is convinced of his divine right to hold high place in the universe, but assumes what he believes to be an air of equality with his servants, much to the disgust of the latter and to the despair of his three beautiful daughters. When the family is shipwrecked on an island in the south seas, it is not the Earl of Loam or his honorable nephew who saves the day, however—it is Crichton, the butler-valet, who rises to the crisis. Crichton becomes master, and with the instinct of the true butler, with each succeeding triumph he becomes more haughty until he is a veritable king on the little island. Yet when he has won the love of Lady Mary, the elder daughter, and life seems to hold a brimming cup to his lips, there is a ship sighted off shore, and Crichton proves himself a splendid man by sacrificing his own chances of happiness in order to rescue his little colony. And, of course, when England is reached again, the Earl of Loam is once more master and Crichton again the servant, while Lady Mary turns again to her fiancé, Lord Brocklehurst. So that even though Barrie proves, to his own satisfaction, that only the accident of birth is responsible for high position, he yields to the conventions in his final act by retrieving his characters' lost ground. Naturally, the play would have a wider appeal to English audiences than to Americans, although the cleverness and skill of the writing and the kindly satire should be an open sesame to all nations. William Desmond does the best work of his present engagement in the title role, but is far more successful as the butler than as the master. Howard Scott has one of his excellent "old man" roles as the Earl of Loam and Harrison Hunter does a capital part as the "silly ass" nephew. Charles Ruggles is only briefly present as Lord Brocklehurst, but makes the

most of his opportunities. There are several striking examples of feminine beauty to be found in the cast. Frances Ring flits over from the Burbank to play Lady Mary with her usual appealing sweetness, and in her striking, if rather incredulous costume of the third act she is a delicious picture. Lillian Tucker and Lillian Christy as the two younger daughters have only to look pretty, which effect they achieve without the slightest effort. Grace Valentine's peculiar talent for character roles is strikingly demonstrated in her handling of the simple little maid, Tweeny, which she makes a thing of joy. There are many small parts well rendered and the scenery is excellent.

"C. O. D." at the Burbank

It is a curious thing that cheap wit-cisms often arouse the greatest volume of mirth, which is why the farce, "C. O. D.," at the Burbank theater this week, is making the rafters ring with laughter, and will probably demand at least a second week to satisfy the-atergoers. One doesn't look for coherency of plot or that the characters shall remain in the limits of possibility in farce-offerings, but Frederic Chapin, perpetrator of C. O. D., should be impeached for overstepping the bounds. In the first place many of Chapin's lines have been culled from the joke books of vaudeville performers, and even the Ladies' Home Journal must have contributed one or two bits. There is a plot which wanders far afield and no one goes on a search for it. It is the usual tale—three jolly good fellows, all with the initials of C. O. D. starting off on a lark whilst their wives are sojourning at a summer hotel. The C. O. D. trio gets wrecked, however, and its attempts to find suitable garments and get back to civilization, form the nucleus of the plot. In their search for habiliments the members don everything from Pullman blankets to lace-trimmed nighties, and it is the sight of Forrest Stanley, Thomas McLarnie and Morgan Wallace in an outrageous series of sartorial embellishments that sends many of the spectators into a hysteria of mirth—in fact, it is the antics of this trio, far more than any cleverness of the playwright that keep the offering from being an utter bore. One is forced to laugh at the disporting of these favorite players, even though it does seem far beneath their dignity to essay such foolish roles. There is a long cast, and the parts are all fairly well played, with Beatrice Nichols and Selma Baley especially effective in their sweet young thing parts.

Entertainers at the Orpheum

We are assured by the powers that be that there are many good acts in store for the summer season at the Orpheum, a veritable deluge of big things, and after the drouth of the last few weeks this is welcome news. There is nothing wildly exciting on the new bill this week, although Lydia Barry has moments of entertainment in her singing act. Her songs are not especially well chosen, but the one or two which do suit her prove that her ability to keep an audience laughing is no small thing. She is a comedienne, although at times slightly mistaken in the direction of her talent. If one uses one's imagination to the straining point one can concede that Don, the talking dog, does indeed form a series of German words, but it would seem that it is more the power of Loney Haskell's flow of words than Don's which makes the audience accept the act. Were it not for the Haskell monologue and the loveliness of Don's mistress it is to be feared that Don would occupy the canine ash-heap. Edgar Atchison-Ely, who seems a perfectly nice young man and has always conducted himself as such in his various appearances at the Orpheum, revives the old old story of Billy's false teeth in "Billy's Tombstones." We have had Billy's teeth served in every guise except musical comedy, but their absence still entertains, and Mr. Atchison-Ely, despite

the handicap of all that name, is especially good when his shining pearls are cast before swine, leaving him a lipping derelict. The sketch could be cut to great advantage. Ben Lind, the big singer, works hard, but with small result. The Curzon sisters, winsome young girls of attractive personalities are butterfly creatures who flutter through the air while suspended by their pretty white teeth. There is an indescribable grace in their slender bodies, which fascinates the eye even while the sight sends a shudder of apprehension down the spine. Holdovers are those amusing clowns, the Arnaut brothers and Julius Steger in his play-let, "Justice."

Offerings for Next Week

J. M. Barrie's delightful fantasy, "The Admirable Crichton," will be replaced at the Morosco Sunday afternoon by Leo Ditrichstein's delicious comedy, "The Concert," which proved one of the biggest hits of years in New York, and also in its recent traveling production in this city. In the hands of the Morosco organization this should prove one of the important stock offerings of the year. Harrison Hunter will be seen in the role created and played with so much success by Mr. Ditrichstein. This is the best part Mr. Hunter has been given since coming to the Morosco, and he should score a pronounced hit, as he is a player of unusual resource. The cast is a long one and there will be a bevy of feminine beauties to attract the eye. Excellent opportunities will be given to Francis Ring, Grace Valentine, Howard Scott, Lillian Tucker, and others of the Morosco company.

Frederick Chapin's farce, "C. O. D.," has proved one of the biggest laughing successes that the Burbank theater has known this season, and is attracting capacity audiences. "C. O. D." is farce from start to finish and was constructed for laughing purposes only. Therefore, anyone who is looking for the problem play or for anything except the broadest fun should keep away from the Burbank. The farce was originally announced for one week only, but the attendance has been so large and the demand for seats so great that it has been decided to open the second week Sunday matinee. Meantime, Byron Beasley, who is one of the most popular leading men that have played at the Burbank, is rehearsing with the company for the revival of "The Fox," in which he created such a success in the original production here. "The Fox" should be of unusual interest, not only because of the return of Mr. Beasley, but because it will give congenial roles to the favorites members of the organization.

Five new acts, headed by that eminent star of the legitimate, Jessie Busley, will open at the Orpheum Monday matinee, June 9, with three of the best of this week's bill retained. Miss Busley, who is best remembered as the star of "In the Bishop's Carriage" comes in Rupert Hughes' laughable comedy, "Miss 318," a department store romance, with the setting showing a segment of a real shop. The story is familiar through having appeared in a well known magazine. It was through this medium that Miss Busley became aware of its possibilities and persuaded Mr. Hughes to make it into a sketch. England's boy comedian, Laddie Cliff, who was over here about three years ago, has new material and a fresh supply of fetching songs. Master Cliff is still in his teens, but he has the abilities of a much older entertainer. America's premier ventriloquist, Lester, will amuse audiences with his dummy, which he permits to direct the act. The "Top o' the World" dancers, with Vivian Ford and the famous collie ballet, are favorites here, and with a number of other dancers appear in a fantasy entitled "Kris Kringle's Dream." Charles and Adelaide Wilson have a skit entitled "The Messenger, the Maid and the Violin," in which they sing and dance and patter. Holding over are Don, the talking dog, the Curzon sis-

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Beginning Sunday Matinee, June 8,
First Stock Production of the Clever Comedy,

"The Concert"

Nights 25c, 50 and 75 cents. First 9 rows \$1.00. Matinees 25, 35 and 50 cents.

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BEGINNING SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 8

The Burbank stock company will offer for the second big week, Frederick Chapin's recent metropolitan farcical success

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Messenger, Maid & Violin

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LESTER

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ters and Ben Linn, with new songs, The orchestral concerts and the Edison talking motion pictures complete the bill.

At the Mason Opera House motion pictures are holding the boards in the form of five thousand feet of film photography representing "Picturesque Hawaii." These pictures are achievements of motion picture skill. One of the big features is the showing of the great lava flow, which was accomplished by artists costumed in asbestos clothing. The pictures were taken within sixty feet of the terrific heat and at the risk of the photographers' lives. The catching of man eating sharks; the full blooded Hawaiians—never before photographed—making and eating poi; the great fetes; the diving boys; the surf boat riding, and the sugar cane and pineapple industries are shown, with other scenes and incidents of unusual fascination. The pictures are not of the "fake" variety, having been taken on the actual scenes. They are educational as well as entertaining and worth more than the price of admission. Performances are given continuously from 7:15 in the evening, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 1 p. m.

Professional and Business Directory

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NOTICE OF CONTEST.

Department of the Interior, United States
Land Office, Los Angeles, California.

May 24, 1913.

To Myrtle F. Powell of Los Angeles, Cal.,
contestee:

You are hereby notified that George Wilson who gives 1713 Eagle St., Los Angeles, Cal., as his post-office address, did on April 24, 1913, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Timber and Stone application, serial No. 018061, made March 13, 1913, for the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the west half of the southwest quarter of Section 11, and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter Section 14, Township 1 south, Range 17 west, San Bernardino Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said land has been filed upon as stone and timber land, that said land is not stone and timber land but is farming land and agricultural in character and is suitable for entry and homestead.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

Pioneering in Arizona

BY THOS. L. SHULTZ

IX.

As one old-timer puts it, "there was just enough going on in those days to keep a man from gettin' idle and going to seed." Here, for instance, is a little episode of the every-day life of the Lynx Creek miners, that was too much a part of the routine to cause more than a momentary ripple of excitement. In the winter of 1863-4 three men started on horseback from the Granite Creek settlement (afterward Prescott) to the placers on Lynx Creek only ten or twelve miles distant. They were Dr. J. T. Allsop, S. C. Miller and Con Moore. As grass was plenty on the mesa, but very scarce in the Lynx Creek basin where they were to camp, they dismounted when they came to a good patch and with their bowie knives each began cutting a bundle of grass for his animal over night. While thus engaged a party of Apaches sneaked up, stampeded their horses, and simultaneously, another portion of the band opened fire at short distance with both rifle and bow. The open space where they were cutting grass was not a desirable location to fight so the three men now on foot ran for the scrub oak and brush a few rods distant firing as they went and had the pleasure of seeing three Indians fall from their ponies. Here they stood off the sneaking foe successfully for more than an hour. They were practically surrounded by ten times their number and evidently the Indians thought by preventing their return to Granite Creek they would in a short time secure their prey, therefore they did not pay sufficient attention to the Lynx Creek side, but all were closing in dangerously close to the besieged party from the west. But this state of affairs was not to be endured, and as the sun dropped out of sight and the air began to get chilly, Miller proposed to the others that they should make a break for the creek bottom, where there was an old log cabin of his, in which they could be much more comfortable.

* * *

In the first attack Miller received a bullet wound just above the knee and though he was feeling "pretty sick," he did not complain to his companions for fear of adding to their discomfort. So the three men saw that their arms were all right and made a dash for the cabin which upon reaching successfully, they found to be "barred" on the inside, and there they were, in the open a good mark for the Indians, who had quickly discovered their escape and had given pursuit, yelling like fiends and keeping the air filled with whistling arrows and an occasional musket ball for variety. The cabin was a "dug-out," built partially into the bank and as Miller had built it he "knew the ropes." Telling his companions to hold their ground a minute, he ran up the few yards of steep hillside, got on the roof and climbed or rather tumbled down the wide stone chimney.

In a moment he had unbarred the heavy door and admitted his two companions. Here they were comparatively safe, though the "red devils" kept up the attack. The besieged party knocked out the "chinking" between the logs of the cabin and gave the Indians better then they sent. Fortunately, a number of miners working a mile or so up the creek, hearing the yelling of the Indians and the reports of the rifles of those attacked, came down upon the unsuspecting Apaches with a rush, killing several of them before they were aware whence the bullets came. One of the Indians killed, was shot from the back of the big black horse of Con Moore, which had been appropriated only two or three hours before. The fleeing Indians left their comrade but chased ahead of them the horse, thinking, quite logically, that a live horse

was far more preferable than a dead Indian. The friends up the creek came in the nick of time, for Sam Miller, weakened by the loss of blood, succumbed as soon as the danger was over and had to be packed to his camp on an improvised litter, where his wound "laid him up" for several weeks. Louis St. James, Tom Goodwin and Pete McAteer were among the boys who heard the shooting and rushed to the rescue.

* * *

Though Prescott, at this time, was the nucleus of civilization in Northern Arizona, it is not to be supposed that all of her citizens settled down within the safe limits of the community. Most of them were scattered all through the mountains in parties of three or more, prospecting for mines and dodging the Apaches between times. Meanwhile, new parties of emigrants were constantly arriving to keep up the population. Lynx Creek was one of the first placer camps discovered, and the quantities of coarse gold obtained there created quite a stampede in that direction. The creek received its name through an adventure of Sam Miller with a lynx not far from the present site of the Mudhole mine. Miller saw the animal skulking along the creek and forthwith shot it. Walking up to the critter, which to all appearances was dead, he reached down to turn it over when the treacherous lynx grabbed him by the arm above the wrist and refused to turn loose. Miller hurriedly tried choking; then prying its jaws apart with his free hand but without success and all this time (which was only a few seconds) the pain was becoming unbearable. It was then that Sam thought of his revolver and in less time than it takes to tell it, the lynx lost its hold and the creek was thereafter named.

* * *

It was the next day after the passing of the lynx that Miller discovered the gold which made the creek famous. His brother and a third companion went out hunting leaving Sam to keep camp. To pass the time he took a pan and went down to the creek to try for gold. In the first pan that he washed out, he claims to have netted \$4.50 in coarse gold. Naturally, he lost no time in staking out claims, and the news of the find caused a rush of population to the newly named district, where in the remainder of the 60's hundreds of thousands of dollars were taken from the gravel with gold pan, rocker and sluice boxes. Since then the bed of the stream has been worked over many times and at this date a large acreage is held along its course and companies have for several years been endeavoring to introduce improved machinery for the purpose of reaching the untouched gravel near the bedrock. Other streams heading in the mountains south of Prescott (the Prietas and Bradshaws) were discovered about the same time, chief among them being the Hassayampa, Groom Creek, Crook Canyon, Turkey Creek and the Big Bug, each adding to the marts of the world their quota of coarse gold, while the gold-bearing quartz veins which threaded the mountains whence this precious metal originally came, have been discovered, and made to produce millions, many of which are yielding the yellow metal to this date.

* * *

In these days of rapid and cheap transportation, electric facilities and air drills combined to assist the miner and when, in many instances, he can ride to his mine in a Pullman, a glance backward to the miner's Christmas in 1863 at Prescott (before that town was named), makes interesting reading. Here is a description by Charles B. Genung: "The first quartz mine worked in Yavapai County was located by J. W. Beauchamp (afterward killed by

Apaches), John R. Howard, who later died at Oakland, Cal., A. I. Mayhan and C. B. Genung of Peoples Valley, October 11, 1863. It was located as the Montgomery and is now well and favorably known as the quartz mountain. Howard returned to California soon after the mine was located, and Beauchamp, Mayhan and Genung went to work on the mine. When they had taken out ore enough for a run they built an arrastre and December 23 cleaned up after running one ton of ore. That ton paid them \$298.50 net—a pretty fair Christmas present for those tough times. For blasting they used rifle powder at \$1.50 a pound; steel cost \$1 a pound; quicksilver \$4 a pound, and a 12-pound hammer cost them just \$12. Of quicksilver they had only one pound and could get no more for love nor money. They retorted the amalgam in an old musket barrel. There were no quartz mining districts established at that time, but when we located the Montgomery—now the Quartz Mountain—we recorded our notice in the placer book of records, which John Pennington, the recorder, carried around in his pocket." "This," says Mr. Genung, "was mining in the early days."

* * *

C. B. Genung with his wife and with Messrs. Beauchamp and Howard arrived from San Francisco, at what is now Stanton, at the foot of Rich Hill, August 27, 1863, just a few months after the big "clean up" made on the top of that famous mountain by the People's party. After following mining and contracting for the government for several years, he built himself and family a home in Peoples Valley (named after the discoverer of Rich Hill) a beautiful fertile strip of land just north of Antelope Peak. Here the family homestead has been maintained to this day (unless recently disposed of) where a large family of sons and daughters has been reared to honorable man and womanhood by one of the best wives and mothers that ever blessed any frontier community. Mrs. Genung with her two youngest sons (now men) are still with the old home. C. B. Genung (known by his friends as Charlie Genung) though about 74 years of age, is still active in business affairs and owns valuable mining property in the district adjacent to the world famous Congress mine.

Following are a few of the important events in Prescott in the first years of Arizona's career: Rev. Wm. H. Reid was the first minister. He arrived on Granite Creek with the Gov. Goodwin party.

The first paper published was the Arizona Miner (named by Judge H. W. Fleury) its initial number appearing March 9, 1864.

The first wedding ceremony performed in Prescott was that uniting in marriage John H. Dickson and Miss Mary J. Ehle, Nov. 17, 1864, Gov. Goodwin performed the ceremony.

The first white child born in Prescott was "Mollie" Simmons, January 9, 1865.

The first term of the district court was opened in Prescott in the spring of 1865, Judge Allyn presiding. Hon. Coles Bashford and Judge John Howard were the only lawyers.

The first school was opened in May, 1865, with S. C. Rogers as teacher. Mr. Rogers taught school for years in Prescott. Then later established a home about 40 miles west of Prescott, where he lived till a few years ago, when he sold out, and joined his daughters living in California.

June 14, 1866, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Bashford and Mrs. Turner organized a Sunday School.

Aztlan Lodge No. 177 A. F. and A. M., was organized July 25, 1865. It was for a long time the only lodge of any kind in Arizona.

The first ball was held November 8, 1864. The hall was not crowded with the gentle sex.

In 1863-4 and even later bacon, beans, potatoes and onions sold at 75 cents

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NOTICE OF SELECTION

07704 Not coal lands
Under Sections 2275 and 2276, U. S. Revised
Statutes, as Amended By Congress, February 28, 1891.
United States Land Office at Los Angeles,
State of California.

To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 8040, Serial No. 07704, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: Lot 3, Sec. 19, Tp. 1 S., R. 17 W., S. E. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks' period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Los Angeles, California, April 28, 1913.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

to \$1 a pound and it took \$100 in greenbacks to buy a sack of flour. Newspapers arriving from California would be four weeks old, while from the Atlantic the same would be from six weeks to two months on the way.

The military telegraph was established in 1873.

Books

Perhaps, it might be as well to keep the young Misses Boffin from reading "Sonnica"—the story is pretty strong meat for boarding school maids,—but for the more sophisticated portion of humanity there is a subtle fascination to this tale of ancient Saguntum by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, which Frances Douglas has translated so faithfully that none of the atmosphere of the original seems to have been lost in transmission to English. Sonnica is an Athenian by birth, a courtesan by training and instinct, who inspires love in the heart of a merchant of Saguntum, accepts his offer of marriage and transfers her wondrous body to the Roman colony founded on the coast of Spain—the old Iberia of the Gauls. His business prospering under Sonnica's shrewd suggestions, in a few years the husband of the Greek woman is enormously wealthy, loses his life at sea and leaves Sonnica rich beyond the dreams of avarice. She is the patron saint of Saguntum, founds hospitals, erects temples to Aphrodite, leads in all civic undertakings and is the adored of the populace, the pride of the city fathers.

But Sonnica, although subdued is not tamed. When Actaeon the Greek soldier of fortune happens along she promptly falls in love with him and the Circe in her lures him to forgetfulness of a career. He is content to bask in her glorious sunshine, to eat of her figs, of her olives and to drink the golden Falerno imported in his mistress' own ships. From this aimless, amorous existence he is rudely aroused by the investment of the city by Hannibal and to its defense he is summoned. It is a vivid picture that is drawn of those long eight months of brave endeavor to withstand the onslaughts of the Carthaginian and his allies. The rigid siege maintained by Hannibal, the desertion of the Saguntines by the Romans and the final capitulation of the city to the conqueror are told with a graphic reality that conspires to absorbing interest in the narrative.

"Sonnica" narrowly escapes being a great historical novel. A little more plot, a little less descriptive matter and it would rank with Lytton's masterly "Last Days of Pompeii" in atmospheric naturalness. The reader is transported to the Saguntum of the second century B. C. The easy morals, the deification of the human form, the superstitions, the barbaric splendors of old Rome and the softer graces of Greece are reflected in the life of the Saguntines with admirable fidelity. It is not a picture to inspire, but it is, nevertheless, a work of decided art and of marked historic value. It treats of times and manners happily never to return, when there were only two classes, freedmen and slaves; when the rich were all-powerful, the poor wretched beyond all modern conception, and human life regarded as lightly as that of a beast of the field. Ibanez has all but succeeded in creating a masterpiece. The choice of a courtesan for his heroine was a handicap, but even that might have been overcome if he had evolved more of a story and less of an historic essay. More foreground would have made of "Sonnica" a story of liveable qualities. As it is the reader gets full value for what he gives in exchange and the translator shares measurably in the encomiums that are so well earned. Not for babes is "Sonnica," but for the poised mind, the deliberate seeker after the bizarre it offers sure rewards.

("Sonnica." By Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Translated from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. Duffield & Co.)

S. T. C.

How To Master Public Speaking

Public speaking is an art that has declined deplorably of late years. Of orators of national reputation there are perhaps two or three, and yet the importance of being able to sway an audience is as great as ever. The true reason for this neglect of the spoken word seems to rise from a certain independence in the people, which demands that every man by study of the larger questions reach his own conclusion. Men are becoming wary of the orator as they become suspicious of the eternal verity of the newspaper editorial. Wider education has taught men to think for themselves, and has depreciated the value of the flowery oration as it has prompted the reading of two newspapers of opposing politics. But there must arise a new kind of speaking to replace the old and this is found in that simpler, more direct, and more carefully logical exposition of facts that is heard occasionally on the stump or before a board of directors. The value of being able to put one's views clearly and convincingly is as great as ever, and every man owes it to himself to get such ability. In "How to Master the Spoken Word," Mr. Lawrence has shown how interesting and simple this art of speaking is. The book can be read from cover to cover with keen pleasure and much profit, and can be studied carefully chapter by chapter by one who desires to make the principles of speaking his own. There are many speeches given from ancient and modern orators; some of these are carefully analyzed to exhibit the laws and observances that may help an amateur to fashion for himself a moving address. There are chapters on the voice, emphasis, inflection, memory, composition, and other fundamentals. An excellent companion volume to this on the theory of speaking, is Shurter and Taylor's "Both Sides of One Hundred Public Questions Briefly Debated." The title shows just what the book is. Questions ranging from child labor to the income tax are supplied with four main arguments for, and four against. In addition, a bibliography of references to books and to periodical essays is furnished for more exhaustive study. For the man who wishes to keep up and for the woman who wishes to catch up this volume will be found excellent. ("How to Master the Spoken Word," Lawrence: A. C. McClurg & Co. "Both Sides of 100 Questions," By Shurter and Taylor: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.) C. K. J.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his new capacity as King Edward VII. professor of English literature at Cambridge University continues to treat of literature in his original, unconventional way, notes the New York Times' literary editor. Lately, he urged the students to avoid "jargon" when they wrote. "Jargon," in his view, includes not only needless circumlocution, but set phrases which indicate the dull mind. He particularly cautioned them against "true inwardness," an ancient theological expression introduced into common parlance, by the way, by the Beecher-Tilton trial: "it gives furiously to think," (what student would ever say that?) "the psychological moment," and "adverse climatic conditions." He also advised them to avoid misusing such words as "case," "instance," "char-

acter," "nature," "condition," "persuasion," and "degree." When a man goes to a university he ought to be further advanced in literary knowledge than Sir Arthur suggests his hearers are. But the phrases he despises are too commonly used by supposedly educated writers.

Under the title of "Eminent English Men and Women in Paris," the Scribners have just published a book by Roger Boutet de Monvel. This book was crowned in 1912 by the French Academy. It covers the period between the years 1800 and 1850, and deals mainly with the English prisoners and visitors during the Napoleonic era and with the many people who crossed the channel after the battle of Waterloo, and the final collapse of Napoleon's power. Among the chapter headings are: "Napoleon's Prisoners," "The English Invasion After Waterloo," "Lady Morgan and Lady Blessington," "The English Colony and the Anglomaniacs," and "Thackeray in Paris." M. de Monvel expresses a sympathetic feeling toward the English, rare in a Frenchman of his period, and he shows ample evidence of sound knowledge and judgment. The illustrations, mostly reproductions from prints and portraits, are unusually interesting.

George H. Doran Company's new books include "Fortitude," by Hugh Walpole; "The Debit Account," by Oliver Onions; "The Jumping-Off Place," by Ethel Shackford, a story of the New West; "Dying Fires," by Allen Monkhouse, and "Growing Pains," by Ivy Low, in which the heroine tells her own story of the comic tragedy of her progress into womanhood. While Mr. Onions' "The Debit Account" is not a sequel to his recently published "In Accordance with the Evidence," it is sequential in time to it. In the earlier work a man usurps the privileges of the law in passing private sentence on another man. In the new volume his deed, though justified by circumstances, nevertheless pursues him "with the relentless fatality of a Greek tragedy."

Capt. Victor Margueritte, who wrote "Frontiers of the Heart," a tale of the Franco-Prussian war, comes from a military race, his father being Gen. Margueritte, who led a furious charge at Sedan. Capt. Margueritte, who is attached to the superior council for the defense of Paris, began writing in 1894, in collaboration with his brother Paul. Their works now include several noted novels and plays which have been produced at the Odeon, Comedie Francaise, and the Theatre Francais. The Captain who is also known in France as a social writer, having contributed to reviews on the position of woman, is honorary president of the Societe des Gens de Lettres, and an officer of the legion d'honneur.

Daniel C. Beard, one of the founders of The Boy Scouts of America, founder of The Sons of Daniel Boone and author of "The American Boy's Handy Book," "The Boy Pioneers," etc., has been awarded the gold medal of the Campfire Club for the year 1913. The medal is bestowed annually on one prominent naturalist or sportsman because of distinguished achievement. These achievements have usually been recorded in the form of books, as have those of "Dan" Beard. Only four other people have won these medals, Gifford Pinchot, Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Hornaday, and Ernest Thompson Seton. In connection with the bestowal of the medals on the last three their books were mentioned as follows: Mr. Seton's "Arctic Prairies," Dr. Hornaday's "American Natural History," and Theodore Roosevelt's "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter."

Not simply as an American public problem but as a sociological phenomenon of world-wide significance is the viewpoint from which Prof. Henry Pratt Fairchild attempts to regard his subject in "Immigration: A World

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Movement and Its American Significance," just published by the Macmillan Company. Beginning with the Colonial period in the history of this country, Prof. Fairchild passes to the modern, and then takes up in turn the following topics: "Volume and Racial Composition of the Immigration Stream," "The Causes and Effects of Immigration," "Inspection and the Condition of Immigrants in the United States," "The Exploitation of Immigrants," "The Conditions Affecting the Country," "The Industrial Effect," "The New Problem of Immigration" and "The Nature of That Problem."

Stocks & Bonds

Conditions in the world of speculative finance are apparently going from bad to worse, if this week's activities may be taken as a criterion. With few exceptions the usual atmosphere of dullness hung over the stock markets following the three days' recess. Bearish pressure is even more evident than heretofore and the New York market is showing unusual declining tendencies at this writing. The confidence of European investors in American securities seems to have been rather shaken by the insolvency of the "Frisco" railroad, and they have disposed of their holdings on a large scale. Reports of a less favorable crop prospects also have conducted to liquidation. Money is tighter, if anything, and taken as a whole the economical and political outlook is very disturbed.

Locally, the market remains featureless, with the exception of one day, when the activity attracted attention only because it was comparatively larger than usual. Weakness has been apparent in leading issues, such as Union and Associated. Union, however, closed a little better than the previous week, and sold as high as \$80, but the improvement was purely nominal. There has been no activity in the stocks of the holding companies—Union Provident and United Petroleum—owing, probably to the poor demand for these issues. Associated has shown marked weakness, after having held its own better than the average. There is, apparently, no reason for the decline except the lack of support which has been evident throughout the market.

West Coast Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Associated, has declared a dividend of \$1.50 a share, payable June 14, and as this rate is 50 cents higher than the previous one, quotations have moved up a little, but there were no sales recorded. United Oil has been irregular mainly on the apparent problematical prospects for the closing of the deal for the company's property. National Pacific stock is apathetic. Odd lots of Bear Creek Oil stock are picked up now and then, probably in anticipation of the final closing of the deal for the company's property by the General Petroleum.

Bank stocks have been inactive and featureless. The offices and directors announced for the new Security National Bank—the institution which is to grow out of the taking over of the Central National by the Security Trust & Savings—after the completion of the details of the amalgamation are J. F. Sartori, president; S. F. Zombro, J. R. Matthews and M. S. Hellman, vice presidents, and J. B. Gist, cashier.

With the exception of weakness in Associated Oil securities, there has been nothing to attract interest in the bond market. Los Angeles Investment stock proved about the only exception to the dullness which reigns in the industrial stocks. In the mining list, Consolidated Mines continues to show declines.

Banks and Banking

George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, has returned to Chicago after conferring with eastern bankers on prospective currency legislation. Mr. Reynolds says that while the New York bankers continue to be conservative in

letting money out, there seems to be a decided improvement in sentiment, compared with a few weeks ago, and that no one at the present time looks for any serious trouble. The situation, as Mr. Reynolds sees it, is gradually and slowly clearing, and if the same exercise of conservatism continues until fall, the crop requirements will be met without experiencing any money stringency. Mr. Reynolds is decidedly more hopeful regarding the outlook for currency legislation and is convinced that the administration at Washington is doing everything it can in trying to make a bill that will give the country the much-needed relief and eliminate undesirable features of the present system.

Final details of the absorption by the Security Trust and Savings Bank of the Central National Bank will be completed June 10, when the stockholders will meet. The total resources of the institution now amount to \$50,000,000, which places the Security among the largest banks on the Pacific Coast.

San Diego's new bank, the United States National, has opened its doors, with a capital stock of \$100,000 and a surplus of \$50,000.

Glendale's new savings bank opened this week, with a capital stock of \$50,000.

San Diego will probably have a new bank, as it is proposed to organize a national institution with a capital of \$200,000.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Declaration of the usual preferred dividend for the quarter of 1½ per cent and of 1¼ per cent on the common stock of the California Petroleum Company, causes the New York Times to remark that the company's report of operations for the first quarter of the year indicated earnings for the full fiscal year equivalent to more than 8 per cent for the common stock, but the state of mind engendered in stock-trading circles by the action of the "newer industrial" group of stock since January 1 appears to have congealed into consistent caution toward the members of the group which profits alone seem not able to dispel.

Developments in the Union Pacific situation have not been altogether reassuring. Despite the determined effort on the part of Chairman Lovett and his associates in the Union Pacific board to work out a plan that will meet the requirements of the decree of the United States supreme court and the federal court at Salt Lake for divorcing the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific, the attorney general is insistent upon his position that there must be a sale of the Central Pacific by the Southern Pacific, which owns it. Naturally, the Southern Pacific interests are not inclined to accept this ultimatum, and in consequence there hangs over the situation the possibility as well as the threat of a suit by the department of justice under the Sherman anti-trust law.

Palms school district will vote June 17 on an issue of \$60,000, bonds to be of \$1000 each, bearing interest at the rate of 5% per annum.

Venice Union High School district, which comprises La Ballona, Playa del



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Rey and Venice city districts, will vote June 19 on an issue of \$250,000 for school facilities.

San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railway has applied to the railroad commission for authority to issue bonds of \$1,100,000 for shop improvements, rolling stock, etc.

Chino has voted \$50,000 for a new school house and furnishings.

Little Lake School district, this county, will vote June 24 on an issue of \$12,000.

July 8 has been set as the date when the Lompoc district will consider a good roads issue of \$100,000.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

016708. No coal lands. U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. (April 23, 1913)

NOTICE is hereby given that Guy Cochran, whose post-office address is 515 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 24th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016708, to purchase the W½NW¼, N½SW¼, Section 14, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 18th day of July, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and
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JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
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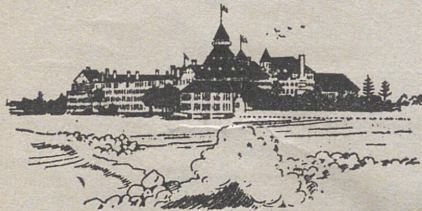
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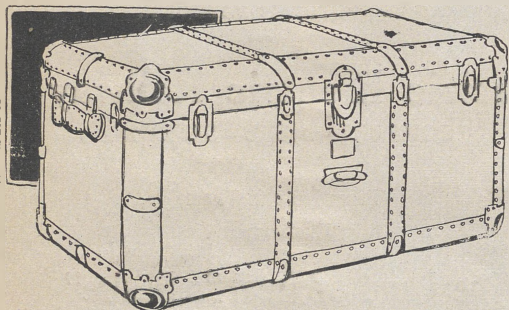
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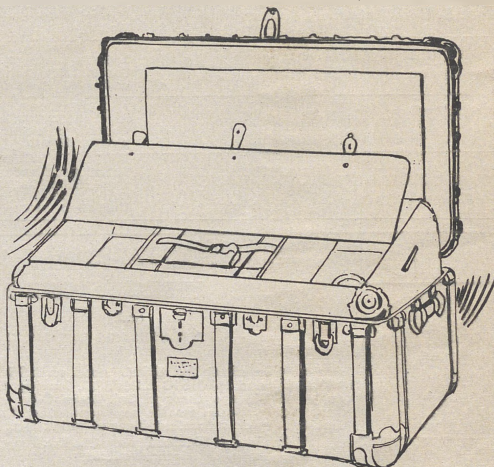
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